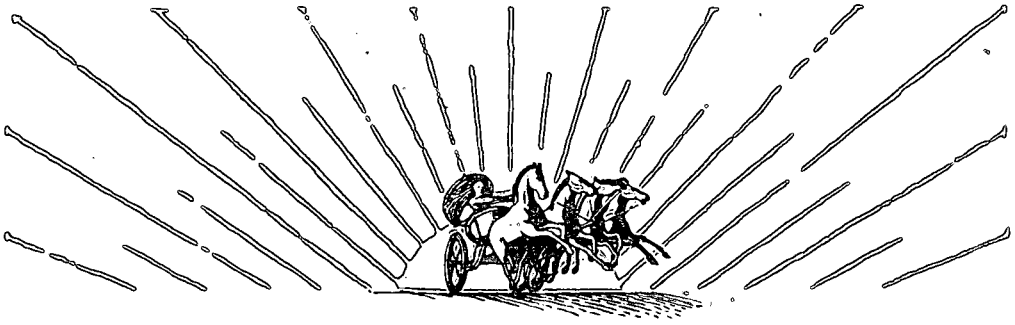

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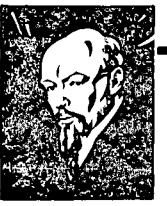

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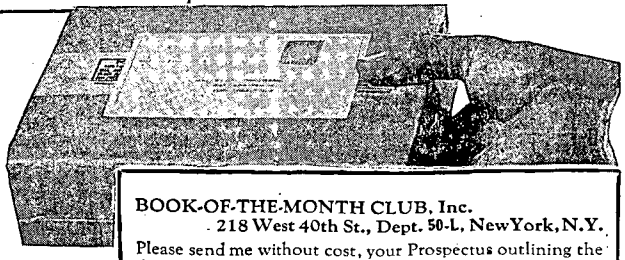

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THE GUIDE POST

RODNEY GILBERT is about the best of the Far Eastern correspondents. He contributes regularly to the *North China Herald*, a large weekly newspaper-magazine published in Shanghai. Marcel Fourrier, editor of *Clarté*, is a pronounced Radical who is exceptionally well posted on Chinese affairs. In an earlier issue of the same paper he assembled one of the most complete records of recent Chinese history that has come our way, and his present article, of much wider interest, contains a good measure of truth in spite of the author's unorthodox opinions.

❦ ❦ ❦

Europäische Gespräche is a German foreign-affairs monthly whose primary interest is international realities. With the Balkan situation as uncertain as ever, such a magazine would naturally take quite seriously the possibility of an application of the Locarno principle where it is really needed.

❦ ❦ ❦

Some of the members of the British Imperial Conference would not show much enthusiasm about the *Labour Monthly's* view of 'Empire and Socialism in Australia,' but since the continent down under has tried a good many experiments of the type that Judge Gary would consider radical, it is just as well to look at it through sympathetic eyes. Its neighbor, New Zealand, is apparently all that California claims to be. As for Arnaldo Cipolla, our readers will recall him as the ever-itinerant Italian journalist who is likely to turn up almost anywhere in the world except in Italy.

❦ ❦ ❦

We are holding a three-sided mirror to France, which ought to show our readers that country from nearly every point of view. Being a Dane, Dr. Boegholm can get a far better perspective on French politics than any native. Bernard Faÿ is a professor of literature who has lectured in this country, and Henry Bidou frequently contributes literary and dramatic criticism to the Paris press, though on this occasion, since he is writing for the *Revue de Genève*, he can unbend more than if he were at home.

❦ ❦ ❦

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has been printing a lively series of travel articles from Joseph Roth, describing his journey through Russia. It may relieve some of our readers to know that the author finally did arrive at Baku safe and sound, and we only hope he keeps on sending in enough reports to supply us with another article.

❦ ❦ ❦

If Maurice Muret had had anything to say about it, Shaw would have been awarded the Booby rather than the Nobel Prize. Herr Wittfogel's opinion of Shaw is orthodox Communist doctrine, and each of these men can be said to represent a considerable body of European opinion. Clearly it is possible over there to look down on Shaw without being derided by one's friends as a lowbrow.

❦ ❦ ❦

Alexander Kuprin is one of the foremost living Russian writers, and has been compelled by the Revolution to join many of his wandering compatriots, literary and otherwise, who drift all over the map of Europe. What they have left behind them can be seen not only from Mr. Roth's article but from Raffaele Calzini's picture of Leningrad as well.

❦ ❦ ❦

The automobile will never be the problem in Europe that it is over here, but owners and manufacturers of expensive American cars will make no mistake to ponder over French methods. Although Claude Blanchard does not seem to be aware that the Cadillac, for instance, offers an enormous variety of standard designs, he gives us something to think about.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 331 — *DECEMBER 1, 1926* — NO. 4295

AROUND THE WORLD

The Conference

An unknown mediæval sage has supplied the motto for the Imperial Conference: 'In essentials, unity; in nonessentials, liberty; in all things, charity.' To this the *Morning Post* would have been inclined to add, 'and in foreign affairs, secrecy,' for the closed doors behind which certain international matters were frankly thrashed out pleased that Conservative organ: 'Even the Labor Party, even the Trade-Union Congress, sits in secret now and then, and the late lamented President Wilson, that perfervid apostle of "public covenants publicly arrived at [*sic*]," when he went to Paris for the Versailles Conference, took the precaution of having all his telephone wires sheathed in lead. The secrets of our country are more important than our own, and there are but few of us — we should think — who would like to see all our affairs open to the inspection of our neighbors and our competitors. British foreign policy has no designs on anyone, yet even the innocence of its intention might conceivably be used to the public hurt by an unscrupulous enemy.'

That the Dominions are not planning to give this innocent intention their active support is a fact wisely recognized by British statesmanship, which has confined its efforts to economic matters. Mr. Bruce of Australia struck a sympathetic note in the hearts of his local listeners when he announced that England would have to do something to meet the stiff economic competition that Germany and the United States have been offering in recent years. Partly as a result of this speech, the Conference almost fell over itself in giving luncheons and forming discussion groups devoted to the promotion of trade.

General Hertzog of South Africa was the only premier to hit a sour note. He remarked: 'The corner stone of the Empire is the good will of those who compose it. . . . South Africa is anxious to possess that will equally with every other member of the Commonwealth; but that will can be assured for the future only if she can be made to feel implicit faith in her full and free nationhood on the basis of equality with every other member of the Commonwealth. That implicit faith she

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does not possess to-day, but she will possess it the moment her independent national status has ceased to be a matter in dispute and has become internationally recognized.'

The Japanese press has supplied some interesting commentaries on the Conference. The following passage from Osaka *Mainichi* is especially striking: —

'Speaking without reserve, the Senate of the United States and the Dominions of the British Empire are the two outstanding bores in the field of international politics. The world knows well how abominable the American Senate is, it having fought the conclusion of the Versailles Treaty and the organization of the League of Nations, and having insulted Japan by the enforcement of the immigration law containing Japanese exclusion clauses. The British Dominions are no exception to the rule. They forced their home Government to abrogate the Geneva Protocol, which had been formally signed, and also overthrew the Lloyd George Cabinet over the Charnak question. The Anglo-French-American treaty of security of 1919 and the Anglo-French convention of 1920 have a provision that they shall not be binding provided the British Dominions refuse to assent. A similar provision is entered in the Locarno pact. When the Washington arms conference was held, the British Government stated in its official communication to its Dominions that their representatives should have authority to make reservations. The Powers in treaty relations with Great Britain were all embarrassed by the selfishness and wayward policies of the British Dominions.'

Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* also takes a dark view: 'There is no gainsaying that Great Britain is running down a steep slope headforemost. The signs are visible even to the naked eye. Whether this tendency will take some tangible form will be discerned by the impending British Imperial Conference. The necessity that pressed the home Government to convene such a parley is symbolic of the homeland's having lost its authority over its overseas possessions and Dominions.'

The Tight Little Island

To the accompaniment of Labor cheers, Dr. Salter, the M. P. who charged that there was drunkenness in the House of Commons, said that he had made this statement before a temperance society and that a few sentences had been played up by the sensational press. When he said he had 'assisted other members of the House to remove a hopelessly intoxicated member from its precincts,' shouts of denial arose. On being pressed, Dr. Salter admitted that matters had improved. 'I was in the 1922–23 Parliament, and I saw more drunkenness then than I 've ever seen in this Parliament,' he announced, amid Tory laughter. The suggestion that the names of the offenders be revealed was not taken up. It remained for the genial T. P. O'Connor to restore sanity to the proceedings by recalling the story of William Pitt, who was told one night by a friend that he could not see the Speaker of the House. Pitt replied that for his part he saw three.

Reforms and Conversions

Conservative England is taking steps to return to the House of Lords some of the power it lost under the Parliament Act of 1911. Lord Selborne has been frightening the readers of the *Morning Post* by showing, as that journal says, that 'it is actually within the power of a Party in the House of Commons representing a minority in the country to pass legislation abolishing the House of Lords altogether,

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nationalizing the means of production, exchange, and transport, confiscating private property, abolishing the freedom of speech and of the press, and making null and void the British Constitution.' Mr. Baldwin had promised in 1924 to attend to this matter when his Party had the time and power to act effectively.

An event of minor significance is the conversion of the Liberal M. P., Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy, from a Liberal into a Laborite. 'The Liberals are split,' he said, 'from top to bottom, and the resignation of Lord Oxford has split the Party still further. Mr. Lloyd George took the right line in the general strike, and I was the only one of the Liberal "Ginger" Left Wing group to support him. Mr. Lloyd George and all with him who are really Radicals should follow my example and let the Whigs go to the Tories.'

The Bankers' Free Trade Manifesto, which startled the White House spokesman into almost too hasty speech, has been less cheerfully received in France than in England or Germany. The *Journal des Débats* calls it 'a stroke of the sword in the water that luckily made a lot of noise. Instead of being an effort toward the economic organization of the world, it creates a chaos favorable to the expansion of German, English, and American ambition.' This paper quotes with approval the White House spokesman, — or President Coolidge, as they quaintly call him, — and urges Europe to maintain its tariff walls as the best protection against economic exploitation from abroad. The more Radical press, however, feels that the manifesto breathes the spirit of Woodrow Wilson and Jaurès. Georges Valois, the head of the French Fascisti, declares that it is 'an act of insolent violence.'

Thoiry Twilight

Nationalist England looks askance at Franco-German coöperation in much the same way that Nationalist France resents England's international activities. But Nationalist France far outdoes England in the bitterness of its protests at the so-called 'Thoiry bargain.' The comparatively mild English view of the situation is expressed as follows by the *Saturday Review:* —

'A great deal of the warmth engendered by the Thoiry conversations appears to be cooling off. At Thoiry it was arranged that during the winter further conversations should take place in Paris between M. Briand and a representative of Germany. This arrangement has now been canceled, for a fairly obvious reason. In September M. Poincaré was clutching at any straw — even a Teutonic one — that would rescue him from ratifying the Mellon-Bérenger agreement and still enable him to save the franc. Dr. Stresemann offered financial help to the extent of mobilizing the railway bonds under the Dawes Scheme, and emphasized the advantage to France of industrial coöperation with Germany. France in return was to consider modifications of the occupation, the sale of the Saar Valley mines, the sale of Belgian Eupen and Malmedy, and the transference of disarmament control from the Allied Commission to the League. But in October M. Poincaré realized once again that the Mellon-Bérenger agreement would have to be ratified sooner or later, and that therefore the Thoiry straw would not help him. With characteristic promptitude he let go of it. If he could get nothing out of Germany, he most certainly would make no concessions. So the conversations are not to continue, and M. Poincaré continues to try to "revalorize" the franc.'

Journal des Débats waxes rather hotter under the collar, and applauds

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Senator Jouvenel's article in *L'Europe Nouvelle* which accuses Briand of bungling matters badly. 'M. Briand carries into diplomacy the methods that have permitted him in Parliament to become ten times President of the Council. If he possessed the taste for reflection, he might recall that these ten ascensions to power have been preceded by nine falls or collapses, and that this kind of gymnastics is fatal in diplomacy.'

Berlin, however, does not propose to abandon the Thoiry policy without a struggle, and the German Ambassador in Paris has been conversing at length with M. Briand in the hope of striking some kind of bargain. It need hardly be said — and, needless to say, the French press says it frequently — that Germany stands to gain more than France, for in spite of her highly developed industries Germany is not a self-sufficient nation by any means.

Balkan Complications

Many dark forces are always supposed to be at work in the Balkans, but to the intrigues of the Reds clings a singularly gruesome odor. Though Vienna was once the centre of the Pan-Balkan Communist Union, and is even to-day a lively spot, Constantinople has supplanted it. The advantages of the new site are numerous. Bulgaria, the most susceptible of all Balkan States, is close at hand, and there is enough discontent in the former Turkish capital itself to satisfy any agitator. The failure of the Communists to bribe the Turkish army did not faze them at all. They at once turned to much easier game, and it is reported that important politicians have been offered tempting sums, while 'many young doctors and professional men can be heard whistling the 'Red Flag' on their way to work.

One of the chief activities of the Constantinople Communists is smuggling arms into Bulgaria. They have been more successful at bribing Turkish than Bulgarian frontier officials, but this is really a work of supererogation, as the arms can be smuggled across many parts of the long, unguarded border without payment of hush money. The Turkish Government has quite as much to fear from these agitators as the Bulgarians, for the Bolsheviki have always kept an eye on Constantinople.

One of the most complicated of all Balkan intrigues is now being woven about the throne of Hungary. The Budapest correspondent of the Vienna *Stunde* says that the Rumanian Court Party and King Ferdinand are being backed by the Hungarian nobility in an endeavor to unite Hungary and Rumania under the Rumanian monarch. Bratiano's Nationalist Party, as well as the Transylvanian Nationalists, fear the preponderance of the politically gifted Hungarian nobility. In Hungary supporters of Prince Otto view these activities with alarm. King Ferdinand himself is greatly worried at the split, and persistent rumors of his abdication refuse to be quieted by continual official denials.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* comments as follows: 'The Rumano-Hungarian throne intrigue has a background in the desperate rivalry of France and Italy for hegemony in Southeastern Europe. As Rumania has come definitely under the ægis of Italy, Rome would welcome a personal union of Hungary and Rumania as further strengthening the Italian retinue. Now the hidden motives of the famous speech of the Hungarian Regent, Horthy, at Mohacs on August 29 appear. Admiral Horthy advocated a rapprochement and close friendship between Hungary and Yugoslavia. But Yugoslavia is the Balkan outpost of France. Admiral Horthy is jealous of the Premier, Count Beth-

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len, who himself, as a Transylvanian, is connected with the group advocating King Ferdinand's candidature. Admiral Horthy's ardent declaration of love for Yugoslavia may mean that he is angling for Yugoslav, and thus indirectly French, support against the pro-Rumanian scheme.'

According to the anti-Fascist *Corriere degli Italiani* of Paris, 'the financial miracle of the Fascist dictatorship is one of the most amusing legends spread by Fascist propaganda.' The miracle, according to this paper, lies in the fact that the Fascisti have followed the policy of previous Governments and have simply liquidated war expenses to such an extent that there is likely to be a surplus in next year's Budget. The *Corriere degli Italiani* quotes the deficits for previous years and shows that they were substantially reduced by other Governments than Mussolini's. It was not a Fascist Government that abolished the fixed price of bread in the spring of 1921 and thus improved the balance sheet by six billion lire annually. Nor was it under a Fascist Government that the military expenses were cut one third. In fact, according to this anti-Fascist organ, Mussolini's movement was the result of a reaction in the military caste against reduction of military expenses. 'During the first eighteen months of the Fascist régime,' writes this journal, '54,000 employees were discharged in the interests of economy. Propagandists do not, however, tell us that 33,000 new Fascist employees entered the positions left vacant. Again, the Fascist ex-minister de Stefani proclaimed in the *Corriere della Sera* of February 21, 1926, that the government employees had been reduced by only 8279.' *Corriere degli Italiani* is especially indignant at the rumor that the Fascist press in Paris is subsidized to the extent of some four million lire a month by the Italian Government. 'Here is another miracle — impoverished Italy exporting her money to France.'

Uneasy Heads

The problem of monarchy is agitating many parts of Europe simultaneously. In Bavaria the committee appointed by the Reichstag to inquire into the political murders of 1920 and 1923 has disclosed that this part of Germany is overwhelmingly in favor of Crown Prince Rupprecht as king. Although the Royalist movement encounters no local opposition, it can do nothing without coöperation from some other part of the Reich. The peasants, who are monarchist almost to a man, are not easily roused to violence. The Munich correspondent of the London *Times* says that in spite of Bavaria's indifference 'there is a large amount of highly inflammable material here which only requires a spark to cause a serious conflagration. If that spark comes at all, however, it must come from some other part of Germany. Bavaria is tired of taking the lead in revolutionary politics.'

In Poland Pilsudski has been flirting with Conservatives and Royalists, and is basing his power on the support of a land-owning political party with Conservative and Royalist tendencies. Prince Radziwill has been prominently mentioned in these Royalist gatherings, though some feel that the Marshal himself has designs on the crown.

Queen Marie's native heath has been in a condition of more than usual uncertainty. Jules Sauerwein describes in *Le Matin* the precarious situation of a country with a sick King, a flip Crown Prince, a fluctuating currency, and a Bolshevist neighbor. The new territories acquired during the war have introduced further complications in the form of a new political coalition which, as M. Sauerwein says, 'could

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obtain great success if Rumania had free elections.' If anything should happen to Ferdinand, and if Prince Carol stood by his renunciation pledge, an uncertain period of regency would have to be survived until Prince Michael, aged five, came to maturity. How this regency would deal with the difficult problems that are bound to arise keeps many wealthy Rumanians awake at night.

No doubt Rumania or any other kingdom would be happy indeed if her Royal Family enjoyed the respect that is accorded to the Imperial House of Japan. Dr. Tetsujiro Inouye, of the Imperial University of Tokyo, so far forgot himself as to insert the following sentence in his recent book on *The Fundamental Character of Our Empire and National Morality:* 'Out of the three Imperial costumes, the original mirror and sword seem to have been lost some time ago, and those modeled after them have been preserved, but suffice it to say the jewel is genuine.' Such aspersions on the mirror and sword of royalty were intolerable to certain political enemies of Dr. Inouye, and though the passage has been changed to read, 'The mirror and the sword have been separately consecrated as the material symbol of the Imperial ancestors, but suffice it to say the jewel alone is genuine,' the end is not yet.

Elections in India

India is devoting an entire month to her first general elections since 1923, and the Calcutta correspondent of the London *Observer* writes on the various issues involved. In the 1920 elections Noncoöperation was in full swing, and only a few of the enfranchised minority exercised their right to vote, thereby making the Assembly an even more unrepresentative body than usual. In 1923, however, the Swarajists got busy, and the last three years have been marked by continual refusals on the part of the Assembly to pass legislation desired by the Viceroy. This has made it necessary for the latter to exercise all too frequently his 'power of certification' in order to secure the funds necessary for ministerial salaries. This year's elections, says the *Observer's* correspondent, will find the Swarajists on the defensive. Candidates are basing their appeals on how good a Hindu or how good a Mohammedan they feel themselves to be, rather than how good a Nationalist. Service to the community rather than service to the country is the watchword. A powerful Responsivist movement has been started, whose chief purpose is to keep the Mohammedans out, but the Moslems are more wily and announce that they favor the inclusion of Hindu elements in any ministries their successful candidates feel called upon to form.

Russia and China

The Christian General Feng is back from Moscow with joy in his heart. 'Before I went to Russia,' he says, 'I did not know the way of the revolution. But in Moscow I saw the world revolutionary movement in progress, and was greatly impressed by the lessons I learned. I appreciated how much China is menaced by militarism within and imperialism without. My blood boiled within me. I hastened back to my country to renew my work and bring liberty to the Chinese people. "Down with Imperialism!" "Down with Militarism!" are our watchwords, and in this crusade I will coöperate with the oppressed peoples of the world and those countries that treat China as an equal.' His National Army is coöperating with the Kuomintang forces of Canton, but it is not considered likely that they will occupy Peking this winter, in spite of the munitions pouring in from Russia.

The *Observer's* Peking correspondent

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dwells at some length on the sinister activities of the Russian Ambassador Karakhan. Although Russia declared all Tsarist treaties with China void, Karakhan has been collecting and spending the Boxer indemnity fund, devoting the money to schools where Red propaganda is disseminated. The committee of two Chinese and one Russian in charge of the fund has been away from Peking for some months, and Karakhan, if this report be true, has been having a high old time in their absence. The same correspondent also asserts that the old trade route through Mongolia to Chinese Turkestan is so infested with Russian officials that the Chinese have been forced to try to open up a new path, but without success.

Births and Business in Japan

While the Japanese birth rate continues to increase the population of the country by some seven or eight hundred thousand each year, the business slump continues. In the hope of stimulating trade the Bank of Japan has lowered its interest rate to the minimum amount, but doubt is expressed as to whether this artificial device can remedy the situation. The fundamental trouble, says Osaka *Mainichi*, arises from the slow stabilization of the normal exchange rate. This paper thinks that a continuation of the present period of adversity is an inevitable prelude to a return to sound conditions.

The perennial population problem should be solved by international action, says Tokyo *Hochi*. According to this paper, 'the regulation of population should be undertaken by the League of Nations. This is a work to be undertaken by it, because permanent peace is its great ideal. Investigation must be fundamental. This question must be solved by all means, because it constitutes the greatest cause of international competition and of international war. Otherwise international peace will not be established.'

Argentine Diplomacy

Intelligent activity and a definite programme, discretion and discipline in the diplomatic corps — these are the finest expressions of any nation's foreign policy, says *La Prensa*, of Buenos Aires, in an article entitled 'Our Country Lacks a Diplomatic Policy.' This paper goes on to say that the mere enumeration of these virtues shows how inadequate their machinery is to cope with international exigencies, and points out how weakly their League policy has been pursued. 'Seven years have passed since we agreed to join that body, and Congress has been spending three years considering the matter of ratification. At Geneva no one can clearly determine the status of this strange member, which pays, though tardily, its quota of more than seven hundred thousand francs a year.' *La Prensa* is further disturbed over the effusions of its observer at the seventh assembly regarding the League Council, and feels that the country has taken upon itself the obligations of League membership without enjoying any of its advantages. The Government's irresolution in the matter of recognizing Russia also does the country much harm.

Business in the Argentine seems to be in about the same condition as diplomacy. The *Economist's* Buenos Aires correspondent says that the market is overstocked with imports, while exports are not commanding anything like the same price they did last year. English investors, however, are anything but alarmed for the country's future, and, according to the *Economist*, are hoping to build a tramway system in Buenos Aires. 'A new and somewhat startling development in the controversy between the Anglo-

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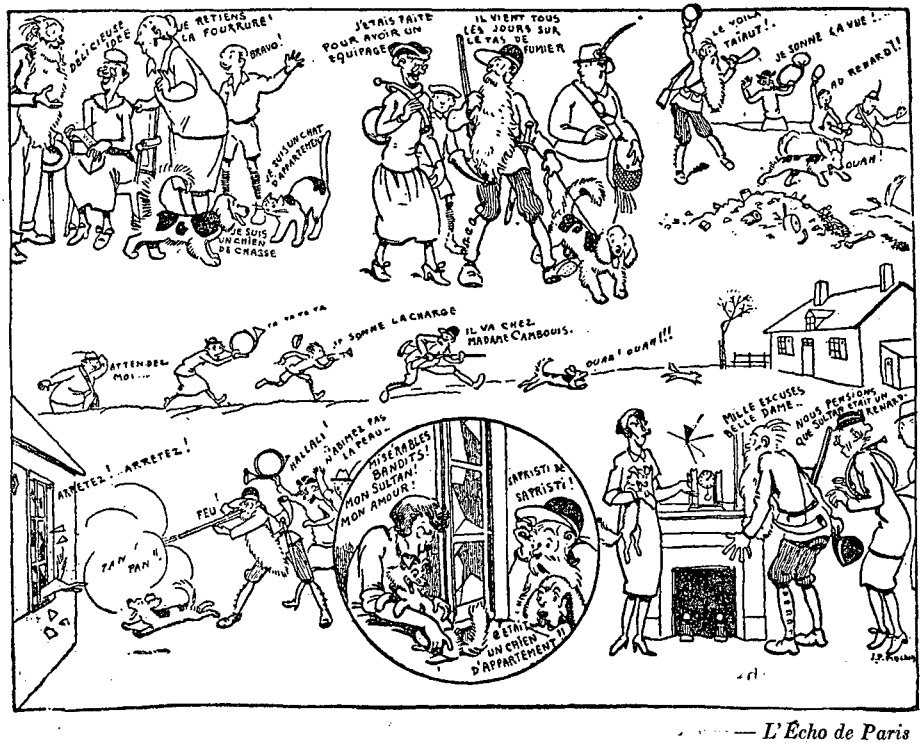
Argentine Tramways Company and the Buenos Aires Municipality has been introduced by the presentation of preliminary proposals on behalf of a British syndicate, headed by Lord Ampthill, for the construction of an underground tramway system in the city and suburbs on the basis of a ten-cent fare, as against the fifteen-cent rate which the Anglo-Argentine Company has been insisting on before proceeding with its provisional concession. This new proposal asks for a ninety years' concession, and undertakes to deposit a guaranty of fifty thousand pounds, and to complete four sections stipulated within periods ranging from three to six years. Pending the receipt of further details from London by mail, it is too early to say what effect this is likely to have on the Anglo-Argentine Company's position, but whatever may be the outcome, it is to be feared, judging from past experience, that considerable further delay will occur before steps are taken to satisfy the crying need for a solution of the traffic problems of this city.'

FOX HUNTING IN FRANCE



— *L'Écho de Paris*

This cartoon depicts the adventures of M. Legigot, who announces to his family in the upper left-hand corner that there is a fox in the neighborhood which he proposes to hunt the next morning. The indignant lady in the lower right-hand corner admits that they have not killed her little dog Sultan, but they broke twelve panes of glass, a clock, her mirror, and a vase. The damage, she says, is twelve hundred francs.

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SLAUGHTER ON THE YANGTZE[1]

BY RODNEY GILBERT

WITH the arrival of the wounded and some of the ship's officers off the Kaiwo from Ichang we are beginning to assemble the details of the Wanhsien incident, and it makes a story that is certainly unique in the annals of the Yangtze. Indeed, it is unlikely that a bloodier fight has ever been fought in China waters. The whole scene as the survivors paint it does not belong in this age, but in the eighteenth century, when muzzle-to-muzzle fighting was the rule.

The Indo-China steamer Kaiwo was commandeered by the Mantis in Ichang, fitted with boiler plate, equipped with two pom-poms, fore and aft, and a number of machine and Lewis guns. The Chinese personnel was reduced to the minimum. On September 4 the Kaiwo took on sixty-three naval ratings and five officers and set out for Wanhsien with as much secrecy as possible. On the way up the steamer was completely disguised with a new coat of paint in bright colors, while the red stack was painted black. About six o'clock on the evening of September 5, the Kaiwo came around the bend below Wanhsien, passed the Cockchafer, and nosed up against the starboard quarter of the steamer Wanhsien. The immediate objective was to rescue the officers who were held as hostages, and it was planned that four boarding parties should enter the four after-cargo doors in the starboard quarter, get on deck, and stand off the soldiers until the three officers had made their escape to the Kaiwo. Although it was known that there were four hundred of Yang Sen's soldiers on board, it was hoped that this could be achieved by surprise and swift action without bloodshed.

As it happened, the Chinese were fully prepared, and had set a very deadly trap. While the Kaiwo was gliding up, about fifty soldiers in all stages of disorderly undress lounged against the rail of the Wanhsien with bowls and chopsticks, eating busily, and taking only a languid interest in the approaching Kaiwo. When the two ships touched, these fellows disappeared and there was nothing in sight. The first man who stepped across into the cargo door was greeted with a rifle bullet. The second was also shot at, and then the bugle sounded and the four boarding parties leaped across and were met with a terrific crisscross machine-gun fire that seemed to come from every part of the steamer. Machine guns had been placed to fire from every possible angle, while riflemen by the score were concealed behind heaps of cargo. The fight began at 6.28 P.M. and lasted for just three quarters of an hour, with the two boats bound together by the Kaiwo's grappling hooks.

In the first few minutes the British sailors suffered all the casualties, but swarms of soldiers then appeared on the decks and the machine and Lewis guns came into full play. The Kaiwo edged up until she was fully abeam of

[1] From the *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), *September* 18

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the Wanhsien, and the after pom-pom got into action against the after deck of the Wanhsien, with the shells set so that they would explode four or five feet from the muzzle. The dead on this deck of the Wanhsien heaped up until they rolled off the pile and fell into the water. On the forward hatch, which is a very big one, they piled up in a perfect pyramid as the soldiers were driven on deck by the boarding parties below and mounted on the heap of corpses to get a shot at the Kaiwo, only to add to the heap. The whole port side of the Kaiwo was splashed with blood, until she appeared to have been newly painted with red lead, and the deck of the Wanhsien was deep in a muck of blood, brains, and filth.

The forward boarding party under a warrant officer got from the lower to the main deck and tried to find the ship's officers, who were supposed to be locked in their cabins. It was discovered then that they were on the bridge, where they had fortified themselves against the pirates who had seized the ship. The bridge of the Wanhsien was then brought abeam of the bridge of the Kaiwo and the Wanhsien's officers were dragged across. All this while Commander Darley was on the bridge with several men who were sniping at soldiers on the Kaiwo while the Chinese pilot fed them ammunition. Having gone so far, and having seen so many of his men killed and wounded, he must have made up his mind to take the Wanhsien while he was about it, for he ran down to the main deck with a revolver in each hand, shouting to his men, who rushed to follow him and leaped across. Before he reached the body of the Wanhsien he fired two shots, and then dropped, fairly riddled by machine-gun fire. The Chinese immediately rushed him, stabbed him everywhere with their bayonets, and cut his throat.

When about three hundred out of the four hundred soldiers on the Wanhsien had been killed, the rest grew frenzied in their desperation and made a rush to board the Kaiwo. They were beaten back with the greatest difficulty, and at the expenditure of the last cartridge on the Kaiwo; so the officers hastened to cut adrift and pull away. As the ship fell away, the Chinese soldiers rushed forward on the Wanhsien, got under the forecastle head, where they had machine guns placed, and opened a galling fire. The forward pom-pom placed a few shells neatly under the forecastle head and blew it off.

The job of getting the officers off the Wantung had still to be done, so the Kaiwo steamed up past the French gunboat, the Doudart, which was a silent witness to the whole show, toward the Wantung three eighths of a mile above, with the idea of boarding her. As she approached, the Chinese soldiers on her tried to murder the officers. The engineer was shot, jumped overboard, and was not seen again. The mate swam to safety on the Doudart. The captain was hanging over the stern, unseen by the soldiers; so, instead of going alongside, the Kaiwo came up and gently rammed the stern of the Wantung, while the captain scrambled aboard. The Kaiwo then dropped downstream out of the line of fire from the shore, and her fight was over.

While all this was going on, the Cockchafer downstream and the Widgeon upstream were being vigorously shelled by the shore batteries on both sides of the river and were busy silencing them. When the Kaiwo was going from the Wanhsien to the Wantung a gun on the foreshore, just below the town of Wanhsien, opened on her. The first shot fell about twenty yards

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ahead of her, but the second carried away her water tank and other gear above decks; so the Cockchafer let the shore gun have a six-inch shell, and when the dust and smoke cleared away there were neither gun nor men to be seen, but only a great hole in the beach. The Widgeon devoted herself chiefly to blowing up artillery and soldiers on the water-front, but the Cockchafer with her bigger guns shelled the town. General Yang Sen had gone twenty miles out of town that afternoon to make sure of his own safety, but the first shot fired landed in his headquarters and completely eliminated it from the picture. Some say thirty-nine shots were fired, others say fifty-six, but not many had dropped into the town before it was burning from end to end, and before it was all over the place was a raging inferno.

The Kaiwo saw the last of this hideous picture at 8 P.M., when she dropped five miles downstream to anchor for the night. Even there they could see the red in the sky all night long.

No one ate and no one slept that night, and some of the men are shaking yet from the excitement. The following morning with the first light the Kaiwo started downstream under full steam, doing twenty-two knots all the way to Ichang — not because there was anything to be afraid of, but because no one on board could get away from the scene of a ghastly experience soon enough.

To this story it need only be added that the Chinese engine-room staff worked without a flurry throughout the whole fight, showing confidence in the foreign fighting men.

The Chinese assistant engineer worked twenty hours without relief in a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees, and all next day shook like a leaf, and burst into tears every time anyone spoke to him. Luckily there was no loss of life among these men.

The condition of the Wanhsien and Wantung is not yet clear, but probably both are badly damaged. According to one account the Wanhsien had a small fire aboard when the gunboats pulled out, while the stern of the Wantung seemed low in the water. Both were subjected to heavy fire from the small guns of the Cockchafer and Widgeon throughout the fight.

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WHITHER CHINA?[1]

BY MARCEL FOURRIER

THE Japanese historian Okakura devoted a chapter of one of his books to what he calls 'the white disaster.' Although written twenty years ago, these pages assume such an importance in the light of recent events in China that I think it is well to quote a few words from them here: —

'With a thirst that myriads of victims in its own countries did not slake, the Occident seeks to make the Orient its prey. Europe's attack on Asia not only signifies the imposition of social ideas that are considered brutal, if not barbarous, in the Orient, but it also implies the denial of all existing law and authority. The ships from the West bearing their civilization also bring us conquests, protectorates, extraterritorial jurisdiction, spheres of influence, and many other degradations. The name "Oriental" has even become a synonym for degeneracy, and the word "native" an epithet for slaves.'

Okakura saw from a Marxian point of view the historical consequences of the arrival of Europeans in the Orient. At the time he wrote all Oriental people faced the same problem, save only the Japanese, of whom he said: 'We have become so eager to identify ourselves more with European civilization than with Asiatic culture that our continental neighbors look upon us as renegades, or, worse still, as the very incarnation of the white disaster.'

Okakura looked at the arrival of Europeans from an Oriental point of view, and took the attitude of the defender of a civilization based on social order and moral traditions. Before the 'coalition of the machine and of capital,' the whole economic life of the Orient had to capitulate and transform itself from top to bottom. Okakura, who was more of a philosopher than an historian, called this 'the white disaster.' From our more purely historical point of view Western capitalism was destined to play an essentially revolutionary part in the Orient.

Long before the end of the last century the capitalist States understood the necessity of securing the markets of China and getting a monopoly on five hundred million consumers. Their difficulty lay in gaining a foothold and opening shop. For centuries China had closed its door to strangers, and they had never been able to get a permanent footing there.

Ever since the Middle Ages the wealth of China had been known to Europeans. The Portuguese were the first to send out expeditions to the Celestial Kingdom, and they reached Canton in 1517. Received in an amiable spirit and treated like friends by the Chinese, the visitors profited from the hospitality and organized a system of armed robbery. Their rapacity and violence soon infuriated the natives, and the local militia intervened, kicking the foreigners out of South China over to the island of Macoa, where they had to pay annual tribute. Since then foreigners have been prohibited from living in Canton. During the middle of

[1] From *Clarté* (Paris Radical pacifist monthly), *August-September*

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the last century, as America, Africa, and the South Seas were slowly opened up by invasion, colonization, or immigration, China remained obstinately shut off, apart from the streams of European traffic and civilization. England, whose growing imperialism knew no bounds, was the first country to confront Chinese ports with its battleships. Protected by cannon, merchants and missionaries landed. One of the first results of this imperialism was the importation of opium into China.

Since 1842 Chinese history has been a continuous merciless conflict between imperial invaders and the Chinese people, who gradually grew more and more revolutionary. For some time this struggle has taken the form of a class war, and now tends more and more to identify itself with the general world struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie.

Okakura weighed the two civilizations one against the other. The same theme has been taken up by European intellectuals who have studied the Oriental problem, but from our point of view this is not the problem at all. An old civilization is disappearing and a new one, the fruit of new economic conditions, is taking its place. Two old civilizations are not opposing each other. Japan, for instance, combines capitalist production with national traditions and moral laws. Or perhaps it might be said that it is passing from a feudal to a bourgeois state without losing its religious illusions.

Okakura asked: 'What is the significance of the strange combinations realized by Europe — the hospital and the torpedo, the Christian missionary and imperialism? . . . Such were not the ideals of the Japanese restoration; such were not the purposes of its reform.'

Let us return to the development of the national movement in China. The first organized revolt against foreigners was that of Taiping in 1860 in the Tze-kiang valley. Slaughtered by English cannon, the Taiping rebels, who had tried to bar the river against the invader, were dispersed all over China. Secret societies were formed in various provinces and openly supported by the Manchu dynasty, then reigning at Peking. A huge conspiracy against foreigners was undertaken, and the insurrection finally burst out during the last months of the year 1899, when the Boxers arrived at the capital. Foreigners were killed in the streets, and the embassy quarter was besieged.

After 1900 the national movement changed its ground and was no longer directed from Peking. Its end now became the unification of China under the most liberal republican theories from Europe and America. Sun Yat-sen undertook the fight against the Manchus because this impotent dynasty helped anarchy and served the interests of powerful foreigners. After a long series of attempted insurrections, the revolt came to a head in 1911, and the Chinese Republic was founded. This Republic, however, soon succumbed to intrigues woven by foreign Powers. A corrupt diplomacy sowed discord in the Republican camp, and bought out leaders right and left. It put Wan Shi-ki in power, and set him up against Sun Yat-sen. The Republican Government at once cracked. Foreigners were installed on Chinese territory more securely than ever.

Thus the second attempt to free the country from a foreign yoke went to pieces, and the national movement entered into its third stage. In 1915 a provisional government was established at Canton, and in 1919 the Confederation of Southern States was founded, with Sun Yat-sen as president. As the European States were occupied with the Great War, they could pay

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only secondary attention to the rupture between the Southern provinces and Peking. They had no reason to think that this new schism would not serve their interests, which consisted in dividing China up into an infinite number of petty provincial governments. Furthermore, Canton was an open port within range of the English cannon at Hongkong.

Sun Yat-sen, however, had meditated upon the errors of the 1911 revolution. The example of the Russian Revolution in 1917 drove him to the conclusion that the struggle for the liberation of China ought to be combined with the revolutionary struggle of the masses, and his Party appealed for the support of the Chinese proletariat. Workers and students fomented the first strikes together. They organized syndicates and opened up cooperatives and workers' groups. Soon the Chinese working class became the active element in the revolutionary movement, and turned its eyes toward Moscow. A Communist Party directly in touch with Soviet Russia was founded, and Canton became the Red capital and the centre of all popular movements. A national army of growing influence was organized, which soon asserted itself successfully against the foreign Powers.

The famous Hongkong strike that lasted for eighteen months is an example of the vigor with which the Chinese proletariat confronts imperialism. Since June 1925 two hundred thousand workers in the spinning mills of Hongkong and Canton have been on strike in protest against the fighting in Shanghai, during which many Chinese were slaughtered by the English.

English merchandise was boycotted, not only in Canton and Hongkong, but in the whole province of Kwangtung. Pickets of armed strikers, whom the English called bandits, in order to have a better excuse for shooting them, were posted at the ports, at the bends of the river, and in the railway stations, and there they forcibly prevented the unloading of any merchandise from English ships, thus causing the closing of the warehouses in Hongkong.

British commerce suffered immense losses, especially as the boycott was not slow in spreading to those neighboring provinces to which the influence of the Kuomintang extended. In spite of the English torpedoes and cannon, in spite of the occupation of the port of Canton by British troops, in spite of the attempt made by the tuchun Chen Shu-ming to isolate Canton from the rest of the surrounding province, in spite of the terrible suffering endured by the strikers, and in spite of the pitiless repression during which more than 880 strikers died of want and 125 were killed by the English or by Chinese militia, the boycott was made terribly effective.

The history of the negotiations on this strike between the Canton delegates and the representatives of the British Government at Hongkong, which, having once been broken off, were resumed between the fifteenth and twenty-third of last July, deserves to be known.

The Canton Government insisted that the negotiations deal only with the strike, while the English party at Hongkong affirmed that the boycott was to be thrashed out too. This meant that the English flotilla denied the existence of a conflict between Chinese workers and employers, and wanted to duck the payment of all indemnities that might be due to the two hundred thousand workers who had been on strike since 1925. The Chinese delegates insisted that the causes of the strike be the prime matter for discussion. They declared that this strike

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was the result of a massacre perpetrated by the English on the twenty-third of June, 1925, at Shanghai. Hence they wanted to prove that the English ought to pay indemnities on the workers' strike. The Hongkong delegates replied that they were on the defensive both on the thirtieth of May and on the twenty-third of June, 1925, and that in their opinion the strike was intentionally provoked by a third party. The Canton delegates then proposed the appointment of an international investigation committee. Meanwhile both Canton and Hongkong were to pay an indemnity to the strikers, and were to agree that after the blame had been fixed the Government responsible should shoulder the whole indemnity sum. In reply to the first proposition the English demanded permission to consult with their Government at London. The second was immediately turned down. They declared that they were willing to loan ten million dollars to the Canton Government for economic reconstruction, on the condition that the control of all enterprises paid for with this money should be left in their hands and that the boycott against England should cease immediately. This offer was like proposing that the Canton Government should lend itself to treason against the national movement. The delegates at once refused this offer, and negotiations were broken off. It is significant that during the whole conflict the Chinese employers turned to the British forces for aid against their workers.

In 1924, when Sun Yat-sen was fighting with the rich merchants of Canton, who were then in revolt, the Governor of Hongkong in their behalf threatened Sun Yat-sen that he would bombard Canton. Sun Yat-sen was not fazed by the menace. He suppressed the sedition, and the English did not dare to attack the city. Such facts clearly indicate how much the revolutionary movement is determined by the class struggle.

Just lately we have learned that the Canton Government has decided to lift the boycott. This decision was imposed on the Kuomintang because of the necessity of concentrating all their forces on the struggle between the national armies and the counter-revolutionary forces of Wu Pei-fu, and because it would also deprive England of any real pretext for a direct intervention against Canton.

Not long ago I prophesied that civil war would soon break out in China. Since this has happened, it is interesting to determine what forces are at work there to-day. Studying the different military groups, *Ivine* thus defines the position, the influence, and the forces of the principal groups opposed to the popular national army under the generalship of Chiang Kai-shih: 'The Mukden group led by Chang Tso-lin dominates the three Manchurian provinces with a population of eighteen million, the province of Shantung with a population of from thirty to forty million, and almost all the province of Chihli with forty million inhabitants. Hence the Mukden group dominates a population of about seventy or eighty million. Until the defeat of Wan Yang, the Wu Pei-fu group's base was the province of Hupeh as well as the province of Honan, which embraces a territory with a population of from sixty to sixty-five million. This group also dominates the province of Szechwan, with a population of sixty or seventy million.

'The Sun Chuan-fang group dominates five important provinces — Kiangsu with thirty-four million inhabitants, Anhwei with twenty million, Chekiang with twenty-two million, Kiangsi with twenty-four million, and Fukien with thirteen million, making a

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territory of more than a hundred million inhabitants in all.

'In addition to these three principal groups must also be mentioned General Yen Sin-shan, who was on the side of the Allies during the war and now dominates the province of Shansi with eleven million inhabitants, and General Tang Che-lo, who controls the Yunnan province with ten million inhabitants. Last of all is General Yang Tsen-sin, who is extremely weak from a military point of view and dominates Chinese Turkestan — an immense territory with a population of only two or three million.'

The greatest immediate danger menacing the national armies is the intervention of European Powers in the form of a military expedition against Canton. Several elements have succeeded in checking the ideas of the most ardent interventionists. For one thing, there is the difficulty of combining rival Powers with different interests in China. Then there are the dangers that such an intervention would encounter in the face of the well-armed and well-trained Chinese. Last of all, there is the risk of the foreign Powers finding themselves faced by a united China allied in a military and economic way with Soviet Russia, and perhaps even entering into a Socialist régime in confederation with the Soviet Republics. England, it is well known, favors intervention, but she has only a fleet at her disposal. The question of Japan's attitude is much more doubtful. How and when will she intervene? It is known that Japan has the support of the only military force in China that can do battle with the popular forces. This is the army of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, who has the Peking Government under his thumb. But is Japan disposed to intervene on the side of England and the United States? She would be prematurely risking some of her hegemony in China. Since she agreed to evacuate Shantung at the Washington Conference, Japan has been dreaming of revenge on her American and English rivals in the Pacific, and she cannot fail to rejoice secretly at the recent disasters suffered by Great Britain. Japan's whole policy has been devoted to maintaining a military equilibrium that would not imperil her in any way. But would a defeat of General Sun Chuan-fang incite her to intervene against Canton?

It is certain that Chang Tso-lin is not sitting idle at Mukden. He is reënforcing his troops and his equipment. His arsenals are full. On the other hand, his recent action on the Chinese Railway in Manchuria, which was in the hands of Soviet Russia, — his seizure of material and personnel belonging to the Soviets, — was an open act of hostility against Red Russia. If Chang Tso-lin does not enter the fight against the national armies, at least he will manœuvre to prevent a combination between Moscow and Canton from gaining control of the only railway attaching China to Siberia.

This policy seems to be in accord with the interests of Japan, whose imperialism is being directed not only toward China but toward all Asia. Japan dreams of unifying all Asia under the banner of Pan-Asiaticism. Thus she is equally ready to fight the European Powers and American rivals in the Pacific, or to go to war with Russia, who has assumed the rôle of Socialist preceptor to the immense mass of oppressed Asiatics.

Which way will China turn? The bonds that fasten her to Japan are rather weak. Since the Chino-Japanese War, and especially since the Shantung affair, the Chinese people have hated the Japanese along with the English,

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for they have the same cannon and the same soldiers, and both steal and exploit with the same rapacity. Soviet Russia, on the other hand, renouncing the outrageous treaties that had been made with China during the Tsarist régime, was the first nation to treat the Chinese like free men and not like slaves. In its Oriental university at Moscow Russia is receiving Chinese students in the same way that she does Russians. A liberal Chinese student, Mr. Sia-ting, in a conference of graduates of the School of Political Science at Paris, said to his bourgeois audience: 'Every brutality directed against the Chinese people drives home Bolshevist ideas with greater force. Russia does not aim at the conquest of land. She is more ambitious: she wants people's minds.'

The Kuomintang movement is careful not to lose touch with the masses. It is doing its best to realize a genuinely democratic government that looks out for the interests of workmen and peasants. It is seeking to annul treaties imposed by imperialist Powers who have sought to bring China under their yoke. It is following out the programme laid down by Sun Yat-sen, and should prove to be an orderly influence when the National Assembly is gathered.

The National Assembly ought to be preceded by a preliminary conference that will proclaim the nullification of imperialist treaties. In considering the debts to foreign Powers, the conference will decide whether the loans were used in the interests of the people. If they have been, they will be paid; if not, they will not be recognized. In order to realize its mission, the Kuomintang proposes to move the Canton Government to Hankow.

The importance of fulfilling this programme cannot be overestimated. If it is fulfilled, the Socialist revolution will have made definite progress in China, and no one will be able to halt the march of the Chinese people toward total emancipation — which will also be a step forward in world revolution.

HORACE, ODES 1, 38

TRANSLATED BY SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN

No Persian pomp, my boy, for me,
No chaplets from the linden tree,
And for late roses, let them be
Unculled, unheeded.

Naught with the homely myrtle twine
To wreathe your brows, my boy, and mine
When drinking 'neath the pleachèd vine;
Naught else is needed.

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A BALKAN LOCARNO[1]

BY DAVID MITRANY

At the present moment a federation for the promotion of peace in the Balkans is scarcely to be thought of, but is there not some possibility of bringing a greater degree of security to that part of the world by means of a Balkan Locarno? We are at a loss to define the exact significance of this popular expression. To some it seems only to put in writing the spirit that would lead two parties, in case of trouble, into friendly compromise. What we had in mind was a more complete organization for peace, like that shaped by the negotiators of the Locarno Treaty, and we thought that its principles, with some variations, might be applied to the Balkans. From this point of view Locarno would be defined as a system for the arbitration of disputes on the basis of the international status quo.

Whatever attitude one may take toward the different interests in the Balkans, it is quite clear that in any agreement all contracting parties must acknowledge the present boundaries. In case any declined, a system of arbitration committees would have to be set up at once to decide the matter as fairly as possible. It is true, for instance, that Germany has not acknowledged the Polish frontier, but has only tolerated it for the sake of avoiding war, and with a view to some future rearrangement. Bulgaria can hardly be permitted to take a similar attitude. If her boundary dispute is brought up before an arbitration committee, it will be found that many other questions hinge on it. In the case of disputed boundaries, both sides will also be able to bring up such questions as disarmament, railroad control, export business, passport regulations, and especially the rights of minorities.

This business of minorities is most difficult in the newly apportioned provinces, and it may be asked what government the populace of these districts would choose if they knew that they were entitled to claim readjustment. The paramount practical consideration is that Bulgaria, under the wing of Germany, refuses to bide its time. That country has the power to force a certain number of concessions, but if it refuses to have its boundaries equably settled it will lose the confidence of its neighbors, and without concessions a Balkan Locarno will be either impossible or useless.

The need of some agreement is obvious when one considers the number of different alliances that have been rumored in the last three years. We give here a list of different fictitious groupings and discussed combinations: (1) a Bulgarian-Yugoslav combination that would eventually take the form of a federated union; (2) a Greco-Yugoslav alliance; (3) a Greco-Turkish understanding; (4) a Greco-Rumanian alliance; (5) A Greco-Yugoslav-Bulgarian alliance; (6) a Greco-Yugoslav-Rumanian alliance; (7) an Italo-Rumanian-Yugoslav alliance; (8) a French-Yugoslav-Rumanian alliance; and, last

[1] From *Europäische Gespräche* (Hamburg foreign-affairs monthly), *September*

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of all, (9) a French-Italian-Yugoslav-Rumanian alliance.

Existing treaties, such as those between Yugoslavia and Rumania, and Poland and Rumania, would also have to be considered. Not much stock can be put in those possible combinations listed above, even as political programmes made by ministers who believe that the security and progress of their country depend on the number of written treaties they are able to negotiate. They do, however, indicate that, as the saying goes, where there is smoke there 's fire. Even in the wildest of all these plans, the same phenomenon may be perceived — a political restlessness in the Balkans. This may be due to fear, or perhaps to dissatisfaction with the present political situation. More likely it is a combination of the two. The pathological significance of the whole matter is that the longer the Balkan nations continue without any constructive coöperative policy the more likely they will be to put their faith in some kind of political quackery.

It may look as if we were taking an unnecessarily hostile attitude toward the above-mentioned plans, two of which have already been sealed; but on close inspection such agreements will invariably be found to follow, either openly or tacitly, the same general plan as the Little Entente. Even the much-discussed and highly desirable rapprochement between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria was not looked upon by everyone as a step in the direction of peace. The more remote possibility of an understanding between two hereditary enemies, Greece and Turkey, was due to the development of common interests in the Ægean. All in all, these agreements are principally of a military nature, and have been reached with a view to offensive and defensive action, and not with a view to permanent and friendly understanding between States. These strategic considerations are based on practical politics, and follow an elaborate and necessary plan. Hungary's neighbors have taken note of her latent rebellion against the peace treaty, and have tried to group their interests by a three-cornered treaty in the form of the Little Entente, which has successfully and intelligently fulfilled its purpose, but has done nothing more than that. It has not, for instance, solved the standing dispute between Rumania and Yugoslavia about the treatment of minorities in Banat. An agreement between Yugoslavia and Greece, on the other hand, would be of a friendly character if it could be achieved. Balkan problems, however, are such that it is unlikely that any two countries would form an alliance whose ultimate purpose was not to thwart some third party. In a Greco-Yugoslav alliance people would foresee an attack on Bulgaria. A Yugoslav-Bulgarian alliance would give Greece something to worry about, for it would look as if the two nations were aiming for a port on the Ægean.

It is worth noting that the possibility of a Bulgarian-Yugoslav alliance has been alarming the Rumanian press, on the ground that it presents the danger of a new Slavic grouping; and it is still more characteristic that these Rumanian articles should find an echo in Athens, with the result that the possibility of a Greco-Rumanian alliance was at once discussed. Everyone has a quarrel to pick with everyone else, and to achieve an immediate settlement the natural thing to do is for one aggrieved party to form an alliance with some other, so that together they can press their case more energetically. Under these special circumstances, every agreement, no matter how useful and harmless, seems destined to produce, by way of compensation, a less useful and harmless alliance between two other

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parties, or at any rate to stimulate a deep mistrust which cannot but put new difficulties in the way of a Balkan Locarno.

Since matters stand on this uncertain basis, the necessity of some kind of agreement to which all six States will put their names is obvious. The best possible beginning would be a round-table conference of Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, Greece, and Turkey, for the purpose of working out, in the form of either a single document or a series of documents (*a*) a system that would preserve by armed force the present boundaries, and (*b*) a common system of arbitration for disputes between various parties. This would give all the countries a chance to air their various grievances in a way that might do some good. To wait until every complaint is settled by diplomatic means must in the present atmosphere lead to the adjournment of any Balkan arbitration court. On the other hand, any attempt to go into every detail of the conflict at the first conference table, or any attempt to take up such questions as a Customs Union, brings forth only such fruitless negotiations as were held last year.

Two problems predominate. Not only are they the most disturbing, but they also call for immediate attention. The first is the question of minorities, which has caused an enormous amount of misunderstanding and has destroyed in twenty-four hours an atmosphere of friendship built up by months of hard work. It was on such a question that the Greco-Bulgarian dispute broke out — a conflict really not very deep-rooted, but then only a match is needed to set off the whole powder magazine. The chief task was to eliminate friction, and two Swedish officers have now been stationed on the Greco-Bulgarian frontier to preserve peace. The minority question is especially difficult where different populations live together as they do in Macedonia and Banat. In these cases any adjustment on purely nationalist grounds is impossible. We believe that farsighted Balkan statesmen will decide the minority question on the basis of which is the best régime for people to live under, rather than on the basis of self-determination. In the course of time this problem is bound to become simpler and find its own solution in these new war-scarred countries. All we can hope for to-day is a willingness in the contracting parties to allow an impartial neutral to act as arbitrator, as was done on the Greco-Bulgarian frontier. In such cases neither party can feel any resentment toward the other.

The second problem, which is of a more immediate and practical nature, is an outlet on the Ægean. The satisfaction of Bulgaria's and Yugoslavia's demands for a port here would not be out of the question if these countries could slowly come to some kind of compromise. Such a policy would be much more to their benefit than their present attitude of petty hindrance. These countries feel that the weakness of the present régime expresses itself only in the results of their foreign policy. Thus, after Pangalos's *coup d'état* General Tserulis proclaimed in Saloniki that he would not submit to the Pangalos régime, because it had put Greece in an intolerably humble position in her relations with Belgrade, and it is easy to see how the Yugoslavs would feel when such a businesslike organization as the Belgrade Chamber of Commerce announced that the only acceptable solution of the problem of an outlet on the Ægean would be a railroad line from Ghevgheli to Saloniki, together with a corridor. In spite of his collapse, General Pangalos did one good thing — he dealt sensibly with the Saloniki question. On the seven-

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teenth of August Greece and Yugoslavia made four agreements of a technical nature, according to which Yugoslavia acknowledged that the Ghevgheli–Saloniki railroad was Greek in return for a sum of twenty million francs. The Saloniki station remained Greek and was to be run by Greek management, while the Ghevgheli station would be run by both parties in common.

Bulgaria's insistence on a seaport to the South is more urgent. It has long been discussed, and has permanently poisoned Balkan relations. The Yugoslav railroad agreement might well serve as the preliminary for Bulgaria's demands for an outlet on the sea, and one can only hope that the new Greek régime will ratify it. In the same week that the Saloniki agreement was signed, two other events occurred that bear closely on our theory. Greece and Yugoslavia recently made a friendly alliance covering four technical points, for the purpose of common defense. A few days after this was settled, the Greek, Yugoslav, and Rumanian ambassadors in Sofia demanded the forcible suppression of the *komitadji*. Significant as this was, further consequences ensued. Rome at once suspected that Greece and Yugoslavia had formed an alliance to counteract Italian aspirations in Albania and Bulgaria. The official *Messagero* announced that Italy would never abandon the influence she enjoyed in those two countries, and characterized the whole affair as another shady chapter in Balkan intrigue. After a lapse of several weeks the Bulgarian Government, contrary to all expectations, gave her three neighbors a sharp retort.

Here is the commentary of the Belgrade *Politika:* 'If we have attained no other result, at least we have found out what direction we must not take. The need of the hour is for a united Yugoslavia, which we shall achieve if Bulgarian diplomacy does not sink to the methods of Ferdinand's day.'

This much is clear — an alliance between Greece and Bulgaria would complicate rather than simplify matters in the Balkans. If a general agreement is not made soon, the Greco-Yugoslav alliance will come to an end. The opportunity is at hand for a real statesman, who puts the interests of Balkan States above his own personal advantage, to summon them all together and dispel their hostile spirit.

Before going further with the relatively simple but vital matter of bringing a Balkan Locarno into being, it is well to remember two factors of the highest importance. In the first place, the Balkan States must return to democracy. Without democracy there is no stability in their foreign policy and no trust can be put in their international dealings.

From what is going on now in Bulgaria, and even more in Yugoslavia and Rumania, it can clearly be deduced that a democratic awakening is under way. In the second place, nations bordering on the Balkans must make an honest attempt to leave Balkan government to the Balkan people. We should always remember that the Eastern problem is tied up in extricably with the Balkan problem, and boils over only when the Balkan ingredients in the stew are cooked too hot. Disputes between Balkan States may seem local, but they always have a European significance, and often involve issues that affect the Great Powers. The intrigues recently woven in Albania are only too much like what happened when the Balkans last flared up and all Europe exploded too.

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EMPIRE AND SOCIALISM IN AUSTRALIA[1]

BY P. R. S.

AUSTRALIA has had more experience of 'Labor Governments' than any country in the world. Some people may expect it to follow from this that Australia is also the most Socialist country in the world; but — alas for democratic illusions — facts are obstinate things, and the reality is that nothing more than the fringe of the Socialist problem has been touched by Labor-in-Office-and-Power in the Antipodes.

What is meant by Socialism? In the most widely agreed upon terms, surely, the substitution of collective or community ownership and control for private ownership and control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Concretely this must involve the expropriation of the capitalists and landlords, either directly or indirectly, gradually or suddenly, by fair means or foul; but in any case their expropriation — he who will not face this central Socialist doctrine is only playing with a vague idea.

Australian Labor-Socialist politicians are playing with a vague idea. For two generations and more they have advocated Socialism, reform, equality, democracy, the ballot box, and so on. For nearly a whole generation they have successfully persuaded 'fifty per cent of the electorate plus one' to vote consistently enough for them and their Socialist programme, and in every State and the Commonwealth they have been given the opportunity time after time to tinker with society to their hearts' desire. At the present time five of the six States have a Labor Government. In Queensland Labor has just been returned to office for the fifth consecutive term.

And the result? Admittedly many ameliorations of social injustice, many beneficent and humane measures, such as old age pensions, unemployment insurance, extended educational and hospital facilities, abolition of capital punishment; certain 'advanced' political experiments, such as compulsory universal franchise, the referendum, the abolition of Upper Houses; certain desultory and not always successful attempts at establishing State enterprises in competition with private enterprise; certain curious 'reforms,' such as compulsory military service, Protection, and government lotteries; on the whole an energetic and quite 'progressive' record of legislation, even if offset by instances of personal opportunism and corruption, and by certain unforgettable administrative acts of repression against workers on strike.

On the whole a satisfactory record, from the reformers' point of view. At least a record much more humane than Toryism could ever hope to produce, even in a period of steady economic advance and natural prosperity such as Australia has enjoyed for many years.

But what of Socialism? What of the magnificent 'objective' of the Australian Labor Party — namely, 'socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange?' What of

[1] From the *Labour Monthly* (London Communist review), *October*

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getting to grips with capitalists and landlords? What of the abolition of tribute-paying and the exploitation of man by man? What of the ownership of industry and agriculture by those engaged in production? The answer is that, if these things mean Socialism, then Socialism does not come into the picture at all where 'constitutional' Labor rules.

There are two simple explanations of the failure of Australian Labor to get down to the brass tacks of Socialism. The first is the vagueness of outlook which characterizes all reformists, utopians, and idealists. In Australia the poetic fancies of Rousseau, Ruskin, Henry James, and the Fabian Society have had a great vogue. Labor politicians in Australia, being geographically somewhat remote from the main currents of world thought, are still bursting with ideas of absolute steady progress. The second excuse which might be offered for them is that, even given the will to get concretely to grips with capitalism, they cannot see the enemy, because he is thirteen thousand miles away over the horizon — mostly round about Lombard Street, E. C., to be precise.

The correspondence relating to the appointment of Governors of the Australian States (White Paper 2683), recently published, includes a letter signed by the five Labor Premiers of New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania, urging that the office of State Governor should be filled by distinguished Australian citizens, instead of by Imperial nominees as at present. This may rightly be interpreted, within limits, as a further tendency to weaken the political nexus between the mother country and her daughter — a final step toward complete political autonomy.

But the limits to this interpretation appear in the following passage in the letter composed by these five remarkable Labor Premiers: —

> It cannot be too strongly emphasized that our attitude in this matter is entirely consistent with the feeling of the greatest loyalty to His Majesty's throne and person, and a desire to strengthen to the utmost extent within our power the bonds of Empire unity.

'The bonds of Empire unity!' An unconsciously exact phrase, the full implications of which these sycophantic Labor-Imperialists do not even vaguely realize. They will urge, in gracious language, the weakening of the political nexus between motherland and daughter, but they dare not even consider cutting the economic umbilical cord which binds Sydney to Lombard Street. They will tinker with vague political formulas, such as the right of Dominions to complete self-government, but the concrete economic task of freeing the Australian workers and farmers from the domination of Imperial finance capital is utterly beyond them. Yet until Australian Labor squarely faces the facts behind 'Empire unity' — in other words, until Australian producers cease paying dividend-tribute to Imperial investors — the heart of the Socialist problem is not even being approached in this democratic Arcadia.

The 'bonds of Empire unity' which Australian Labor Premiers are so anxious to strengthen are loan-bonds and debentures issued on the London Stock Exchange. According to the *Economist* (March 19, 1926), the total public debt of Australia, Commonwealth and six States, now stands at the colossal figure of £1,025,263,514 — over a thousand million pounds for a population not as great as that of London! The *Economist* adds the following dry comment: —

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At the rate at which the debts are growing, the total interest charge will reach £50,000,000 per annum within two or three years.

Truly Australia is a happy hunting ground for coupon-clippers, a very bright jewel in the Imperial crown.

The Official Year Book of the Commonwealth of Australia (1925) gives the following figures showing the steady growth of the borrowing habit (page 406): —

PER CAPITA INCREASE IN TOTAL PUBLIC DEBT

Year	Amount per Head £
1920	145
1921	151
1922	158
1923	159
1924	164

At the same time the rate of interest paid has been steadily raised (page 373): —

AVERAGE FOR ALL LOANS: COMMONWEALTH DEBT ONLY

Year	Rate of Interest £ s. d.
1920	4 13 7
1921	4 17 1
1922	4 19 9
1923	4 19 3
1924	5 9 1

The extent to which London financiers have benefited from the increased total borrowed plus the rising rate of interest is indicated in the following figures (page 374): —

COMMONWEALTH PUBLIC DEBT ONLY: INTEREST PAYABLE IN LONDON

Year	Amount £
1920	5,546,055
1921	5,993,884
1922	6,677,781
1923	6,413,668
1924	7,258,400

These figures exclude the interest on loans to the States, which is given at a round total figure of £28,000,000 (page 404), of which at least £16,000,000 is paid to investors in London.

In recent years a vague endeavor has been made by Labor and other politicians in Australia to counteract this process of tribute-paying abroad. Acting under some obscure patriotic impulse, they have pursued the policy of floating internal loans as a supplement to external borrowing. In other words, they are trying to replace Shylock abroad with Shylock at home, so 'keeping the money in the country.' The Commonwealth statistician estimates that, by 1924, the 'Australian proportion' of the total indebtedness of the States had grown to two fifths.

But what really lies behind the recent great increase in internal borrowing is revealed clearly enough in the following cutting from a Sydney newspaper: —

> So anxious are American financiers to 'get a leg in' in Australia that it is rumored that a move is afoot to take up a big parcel of the Commonwealth Five Million Loan at five and one-half per cent now open for subscription. During the past eighteen months several representatives of America's biggest banking concerns have visited Australia and conferred with Federal and State Treasurers. On present indications local investors will have to lose no time in making application if they desire to participate in the loan.

In other words, internal borrowing means giving Wall Street speculators a chance to buy up big parcels of loans on the Australian market — a thing difficult to accomplish when the loans are floated in London. The 'Labor' loan policy means supplementing the yoke of British Imperial financiers with that of American and a few home-grown capitalists.

On occasions the drift toward America becomes openly evident, as in the celebrated flotations of loans in Wall Street by the Governments of Queensland (£4,421,167), Tasmania (£144,015), and the Commonwealth

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(£15,000,000); to the great wringing of hands in Lombard Street, as is shown by a gloomy comment in the *Stock Exchange Gazette* (July 2, 1925):—

> The arrangement under which three fourths of the Australian Loan for £20,000,000 was offered in New York and eagerly snapped up on its appearance there is a matter of something more than ordinary importance. . . . It must be confessed that there is a certain amount of misgiving in the City at colonial borrowing thus going to the United States. The Canadian market has for years been lost to us; and if Australia is to turn its eyes to New York for a part of its borrowings, the effects will not be good for British trade. But we must cut our coat according to the cloth at our command, and it is quite a debatable point whether the savings of the country at the present juncture are sufficient to meet the demands for capital from the colonies and other countries abroad.

Further causes for 'misgiving' in the City may be found in the fact that imports from the U. S. A. into Australia have increased from 18.27 per cent of the total in 1922 to 24.58 per cent in 1924; while imports from Britain have decreased during the same period from 51.43 per cent to 45.24 per cent of the total — this despite elaborate Empire Preference rebates on British goods, which amounted in 1924 to £7,700,000. Incidentally, Henry Ford is proceeding with the erection of two huge manufacturing plants in Australia, at a capital outlay of over two million pounds. And last year the American Fleet visited Australia, where it was welcomed with fulsome eulogies by politicians of all parties.

All this only proves that, if the grip of British Imperialist capitalism is being weakened on Australia, the fact is due to American rivalry rather than to any Socialist action by Labor-in-Politics. Through either ignorance or short-sighted folly, the Australian Labor Party is conniving at the extension of world capitalist exploitation of the Australian workers and farmers. Instead of one financial yoke to get rid of, there are now two. Soon these two will be of equal weight. Beside this crushing fact the footling political reforms of democracy at work appear most tremendously insignificant.

The Public Debt is, of course, only one obvious and direct method of levying tribute. Finance capital finds multifarious ways of keeping the coupon-clippers busy. There is, for example, an invitingly profitable scope for British investors in Australian shipping and trading companies, not to mention Australian industrial and mining enterprises; and the extent to which this set of bondholders takes it out of the hide of the Australian workers and farmers will never be accurately estimated until business secrecy is abolished and Labor research carried out intensively — ideas not likely to occur to the backwoods 'statesmen' of the Australian Labor Party.

Even when all this tale is told, there still remains the stunning fact that practically the whole of rural Australia — and Australia is predominantly rural — is owned, directly or indirectly, and exploited by London financiers, who are virtually landlords, drawing their 'rent' in the shape of dividends, either from 'Pastoral' joint-stock companies, which conduct vast cattle and sheep stations as business enterprises, or from banks and mortgages and investment companies, which get control of small holdings in periods of drought or glut.

The former process is simple and direct enough, as ordinary business undertakings go; but the process of squeezing interest on mortgages from the small farmers is far more subtle and damnable. It is estimated that in many agricultural, dairying, and fruit-growing districts ninety-seven per cent of the

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farmers are 'mortgaged up to the eyes.' During a drought they go to the bank, or an insurance company, or a mortgage investment company, and pledge their land for money to buy fodder for cattle or to meet installment payments on machinery, or to buy food for their families. When the drought breaks, and the land produces in plenty, a glut makes prices fall — and the mortgage is renewed. When the next drought comes, as inevitably it does, a second mortgage is taken; and so on in an endless pilgrimage of despair.

The Commonwealth statistician has computed that no less than £122,341,469 has been loaned on mortgage in Australia by life assurance companies only. Joint-stock bank 'advances' he computes at £149,575,272 in 1920, rising to £198,750,775 in 1924. These appalling figures are by no means exhaustive, but merely indicative of the process by which the small farmers are virtually being expropriated by the coupon-clippers of a far country. For practically all this Shylockian finance-capital is of English origin.

Sooner or later a genuinely revolutionary Socialist policy will be formulated in Australia, based on an alliance of the industrial workers and small farmers against all capitalist exploiters, whether Imperial, American, or home-grown. Sooner or later the Australian workers and farmers will have to combine in self-defense for the repudiation of the Gargantuan Public Debt and for the repudiation of mortgages (for such is the Australian variant of the 'land-for-the-peasants' slogan). This is a fearsome word, repudiation, and nice people do not use it; but sooner or later a limit will come to the exploitation of Australian labor, industrial and rural, by the operation of that thoroughly characteristic Imperial phenomenon — Finance Capital.

The important point is that the Australian workers and farmers are exploited by precisely the same set of capitalists. The absentee 'rentier' is landlord and bourgeois combined. And this set of capitalists is at present for the most part an integral section of the ruling class in Britain — namely, the direct exploiters of British labor.

A genuine Socialist policy for Australia, therefore, involves the closest possible contact with the British working-class movement, as well as with the colonial revolt in other parts of the Empire; for in each case the offensive must logically be directed against the same set of parasites.

How far this analysis will be complicated by the Americanization of Australia is a matter which cannot here be decided, but in any case Australian labor has no hope of developing a Socialist policy without considering the general movements of World Capitalism. Nor can ameliorative legislation be called Socialism if it leaves the central problem unattacked.

In Australia Labor-in-Politics has funked the job of expropriating the expropriators. After years of office it has nothing to show except pettifogging reforms, and it has actually condoned and encouraged the dominance of finance capital in its area of control.

Is there any guaranty that in Britain politicians of the same school of thought will do otherwise?

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THE HAPPINESS FACTORY[1]

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

'Look,' said my New Zealand guide of Italian origin, as we traveled along the chain of volcanoes, 'if you go straight down here, you will emerge in Rome.' But he was inexact — the antipode of Auckland is not Rome, but Algiers.

As soon as you arrive in Auckland you feel the peculiar character of this most original of Dominions: a blissful land where the one and one-half million British settlers — for the other nationalities form only small and transient groups — are producing and exporting precious raw materials and engaging in sports of every conceivable kind, which they pursue with incredible verve and enthusiasm. They are also fully convinced of their superiority to the rest of mankind and of the unique privilege they enjoy in living in these islands. They have their reasons down pat. We must not smile at the questionnaire to be filled before disembarking in New Zealand. In it you must promise before the Almighty to be good, to observe strictly the wise laws of the land, and, finally, to remember that the experience of spending even a brief period of your existence in these islands is something to be proud of for the rest of your life.

Auckland looks like a modest American town. Its chief attraction is its situation on an isthmus commanding a view of the ocean on either side. The port in the eastern bay is studded with numerous green islands dotted with cottages. But the centre of the city is insipid, banal, and formless lacking even the most rudimentary architectural plan. I was, however, surprised to find in the Auckland Library a collection of tenth-century Greek manuscripts, a Latin Bible, and other singular objects. Even more eloquent than these are the records, hardly a hundred years old, of the white man's conquest of the Maori aborigines.

I disembarked on a Sunday, and was at once impressed by the vast number of open-air meetings which crowded the street on the harbor's front. Volunteer speakers profited by the absence of street noises and berated the Government to small circles of listeners. I was surprised at this. After signing promises to be good, and to refrain from seducing New Zealand women, — there are two hundred thousand fewer of them than men, so it might be difficult, — I wondered why absolute happiness could not be attained here. On making inquiries I learned that there is a little unemployment — not, to be sure, because there is no work, but because the English inhabitants prefer to leave hard labor to people of other nationalities. The several hundred Italians here all find good employment in building railroads.

At my hotel I was of course assailed by reporters who wanted to know my opinions. These islands are magnificent — I shall do my best to demonstrate that; but, like all happy countries, their spiritual life is a trifle

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Giolitti daily), *September* 16, 24, 30

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monotonous. The outstanding characteristic of the land is the English settlers' adoration of it. A New Zealander expressed to me his most fervent regret that I should have chosen the winter months to visit his country, for during the summer — that is, in December, January, and February — its virgin beauty is at its best. 'And is it possible,' he asked, 'that you have decided to leave before having a chance to see our flowers or our swordfish hunts? Do you realize that during the swordfish-hunting season motor boats armed with machine guns dash about the eastern bay of Auckland among its twelve islands and in its hundred small coves, and that at that time the water is red with blood?'

Swordfish shooting, spring flowers, and yachting are three fundamental features of New Zealand, but none of them equals horse racing. One might say that New Zealanders live on toast, butter, and horse races — and a hundred years ago there was not a single horse on the islands!

I decided to travel from Auckland to the heart of the South Island — to Rotorua and Taupo, region of volcañoes, hot springs, and Maoris. The railway journey was not remarkable — merely an undulating succession of pastures, great herds of cows, and flocks of enormously fat sheep. The cows were all protected with blankets against cold and moisture. The villages and towns were of the American type. Gardens were few and far between.

Hamilton, where the Rotorua branch begins, is the great clearing centre for milk. The products of its vast creameries are shipped to Auckland in huge consignments. The atmosphere is happy and rather sleepy. Nothing suggests the fever and bustle of a similar American centre. Wherever we stopped for more than five minutes travelers left the cars and invaded the station buffet, where they ate sandwiches and gulped down large cups of tea and milk. In places where we stayed ten minutes they hastened to the inn opposite the station, where liquor was sold. Prohibition in New Zealand has been suspended until the next referendum. Every three years there is a vote to ascertain whether the people prefer a wet régime or a dry one. The last referendum went wet by a very slim majority, and provides for the sale of liquor exclusively in inns, and not after 6 P.M.

At the station of Putaruru a Maori lady entered the train. She was wrapped in a rich pelisse, and wore a bunch of violets at her bosom. Her husband was dressed as a sportsman, and there was nothing exotic about either of them save a bluish tattoo that disfigured the lady's chin. The New Zealand Maoris to-day number about sixty-three thousand — an increase of ten per cent since the census of 1921.

I left my train at Rotorua in clear moonlight. This is a town of cottages lined along wide streets. In the centre stands a wooden palace surrounded by gardens. It is the Government watering place, which is said to be the most complete and efficacious in the world. At any rate, Americans have been known to come here for cures. The town looks depopulated, and seems to be clothed in perpetual fog; but both these impressions are misleading. The explanation is that people here go to bed at seven, and that the fog is simply steam rising from the innumerable hot springs.

There is one large Maori settlement near the lake, and another at the foot of the mountain. I took a walk in the direction of the lake, hoping to see the great war pirogue of the Maoris, a sort of New Zealand Bucentaur. Alas, the civilized natives, who have four dep-

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uties at Parliament, and once in a while become, as a matter of sport, fervently pro-Maori, were asleep in their modern white cottages that are ornamented with friezes in old Maori style, carved of red wood, and resembling the Alaska totems except that here the eyes of the monsters are made of mother-of-pearl. Therefore the most interesting thing I could find to do was to go to bed also.

The history of the Maoris is a most remarkable one. Primitive, and even cannibalistic, up to sixty years ago, they have in a brief space of years achieved equality with the white man. It is hundreds of years since six large canoes, each holding about two hundred persons, arrived here from the Tahiti archipelago. Maori tradition has preserved the names of these boats, and the New Zealand fleet now employs them. By the time of the British conquest the thousand people who had landed, utterly exhausted by their tremendous journey, had become a hundred thousand — a small population for such a large territory. No tribe ever exhibited such heroism in the face of European conquest as did the Maoris. In seizing New Zealand, Great Britain lost fifteen thousand soldiers, though the forces of the Maoris, armed only with old-fashioned wooden weapons, did not exceed two thousand. When peace finally came, the conquerors found they had a deep respect for the conquered.

It is desirable to make the tour of the Rotorua territory under the protection and guidance of Government establishments, for in many points along the public roads it is easy to fall into vortexes of steaming water, whence you may be extracted, but where you will surely be boiled. A trip of forty miles through desolate mountain country takes you to a pair of large volcanoes whose craters have become boiling pools. Not far from here you bravely cross a scalding lake in a motor boat. The water and the rocks along the shore are steaming, the waves run high, and on the whole the journey is quite impressive. The New Zealand forest is not a thick, oppressive tropical jungle full of strident cries, but a silent place dominated by gigantic ferns that make you think of the temperate forests of remote geological epochs. You naturally think of it as the home of antediluvian creatures like the moa, that gigantic bird that disappeared only a century and a half ago. Crossing this silent forest where no bird sings, you marvel at the tricks played by the winds, for one lake is smooth and the next you come upon is agitated by a violent storm.

I now asked my New Zealand friends to show me the kiwi, that strange bird with neither wings nor tail, covered by a thick coat of neither wool nor feathers. It has a long curved beak, and is apparently so pleased at having been selected as the national emblem that it now wants to die and disappear, its terrestrial destiny fulfilled. But I did not see any kiwis on the lake shores, where they used to roam in abundance, lending their rich coats for the adornment of Maori women. I saw them stuffed in the museums of Wellington and Rotorua, where a couple also live in captivity and are the only ones to be exhibited. This strange animal prepared us for the sight of another stranger still, the tuatara, a three-eyed lizard — to say nothing of the golden parrot and the 'laughing bird.'

The farm where I stopped was inhabited by a happy family — father, mother, and a flock of children. They receive the *Auckland Herald* and laugh over London dispatches about the fall of the franc. In the little brook near by huge trout stand still against the cur-

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rent, and they are so numerous that you can catch them in your hands. A toy train transports huge tree-trunks from the heart of the neighboring forest down to the lake, where they begin their journey to Rotorua.

Nearly everything I see has been imported — the people, the elm trees, the eucalypti, the cows, the song birds that enliven the farm, the bees in a neat row of hives; even the monkeys, the roses, and the trout are immigrants of not much more than a century ago. The Maoris who transport the tree-trunks are but a relative exception, for they preceded the white man on these islands by a few centuries only. And here lies the charm, the inexpressible attraction, of New Zealand: in this really virgin land, the last one to be occupied by the human race and conquered by Europeans, everything was prepared for the construction of permanent happiness by the people who should ultimately possess it — and they, I need hardly add, were destined to be the British.

Miss Ruth, one of the most prominent personages of New Zealand, is, in spite of her youth, infinitely more interesting than other and more important folk who guide the destinies of the country. She is a handsome Maori, and probably the most graceful girl in the islands. It would be impossible to come here and not see Miss Ruth. She, in any case, takes care not to remain unnoticed, and presents herself very graciously to the newcomer, saying: —

'I have heard that you came here in order later on to describe New Zealand. But it seems to me that you should make my acquaintance. I am Ruth, the Maori. To be sure, I am only half Maori, as my father was white; but my mother comes from the Taupua Te Vanoha family, the most distinguished tribe in valor and tattooing, the tribe that gave the English conquerors most trouble. Come to the theatre to-night to hear me sing and see me dance. I also play for the cinema. The stage is the most fitting occupation for us Maoris: we have become civilized, and except through dramatic art we could hardly keep alive the traditions of our people. To-morrow, come to my native village, Wakarewarewa. I'll show you how the Maori women cook their native food and wash clothes in the scalding streams that rush between their cabins. Don't forget that these women are the mothers of those futbol (*sic!*) players who went to the playing fields of France and England to test their strength against teams in those countries. My betrothed is one of those boys. He studies fine arts at the University of Wellington. Oh, he has many other virtues — among them that of adoring me.'

'It can't be at all difficult to feel that way about you, Miss Ruth,' I interpolate.

'Perhaps,' she says with a sigh. 'But let me finish. In a few days our theatrical company moves to Wellington, where I shall be able to show you through the Wellington museums. I know them like the palm of my hand.'

I need not say that I carefully followed the itinerary Ruth of the raven hair laid out for me through Rotorua, the principal Maori centre. I learned that the Maoris are very highly esteemed by the white New Zealanders. Some of them occupy important Government posts, and one Maori is Governor of Cook Island. I noticed, however, that the Maoris of Rotorua have in their veins less of the blood of those brave savages who came to the islands some five hundred years ago than of the more recent white settlers. How-

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ever that may be, Maori folklore is being carefully preserved in Oinenuto and Wakarewarewa, the two ancient villages situated on either side of the city. The English, by the way, have painstakingly tried to preserve native names. Amid the most striking thermic phenomena on the lake shore, women continue to disfigure their faces with blue tattooing upon the upper lip and chin, and from a distance they seem to possess a beard and a moustache. Ruth's mother, who was still a young woman, said to me: —

'The tribe wanted Ruth to be tattooed like the rest of the Maori girls, but Jack — Ruth's white father — tormented me so during our union by shouting to me every day how ugly I looked because of my tattooed chin that I resisted all their arguments and threats, and saved Ruth's beauty.'

I admired Miss Ruth on the stage, especially for the harmony of her movements, which contrasted sharply with the violent gestures of her stage companions, male and female. The performance consisted of a series of dances, songs, and pantomime representing the life of a Maori village before the British occupation — a life which seems to have differed very little from that of the other Polynesian tribes. The women were irresistibly impelled to follow the technique of the time-honored *danse du ventre*, and the magnificent males responded in rhythmic, high-pitched cries, stopping from time to time and remaining perfectly motionless in warlike postures with their tongues half out. This made the audience double up with laughter. Ruth, however, took no part in these extravagances. Chastely swaying her body like a young Amazon, she dexterously handled little allegoric sticks and sang some exquisite Maori songs whose rhythm is noticeably Oriental.

'Who guided the first Maori boats to these islands?' I asked Miss Ruth while accompanying her home to Wakarewarewa after the theatre.

'The white dolphins,' she answered, 'who are the good sirens of the Pacific. You Occidentals think that we have no poetry, but you are wrong. If you stayed here for months I could tell you a new legend every day.'

NEW CURRENTS IN FRENCH POLITICS [1]

BY DR. K. BOEGHOLM

FRANCE is still longing for the national, solid structure of the *ancien régime*. The Republican form of government did not become part of the national life until the ministries of Clemenceau and Briand, between 1906 and 1911. Not until the close of the last century did the Royalist movement, weakened by internal discord, break down hopelessly under the weight of its own political sins. Yet even then Charles Maurras and Maurice Barrès were, through their writings, beginning to create the intellectual basis for a new Nationalist-Royalist movement. It is characteristic of these two men that Maurras on

[1] From *Tilskueren* (Danish political and literary monthly), *October*

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the one hand never became a Catholic and that Barrès on the other was never a Monarchist.

The national and conservative tendencies of modern France flow from the minds of these two men. At the turn of the century both felt that French society lacked sound underpinnings. Through the writings of each runs a yearning to bring eternal values back into human life. The authoritative State should be based on the family and the Constitution, and shaped in harmony with national traditions and regional peculiarities. The movement first expressed itself politically in a strong demand for parliamentary representation of all national forces. Barrès, with Maurras supposedly under his influence, emphasized strongly the significance of this doctrine, and the activity of these two writers from an historical point of view must be looked upon as the purely intellectual preparation that accompanies every political change.

The Latin Quarter — always politically significant — swore allegiance to the new banners of Nationalism, and the *Action Française* gathered students to its meetings in thousands. It was not, however, until the war that Royalism became a great political force. To-day the *Action Française* is not the greatest national revolutionary force. From a stylistic point of view, it is incontestably the leading paper in France: no other journalist has Léon Daudet's verve or Maurras's cool, dignified style; and Jacques Bainville, who is in charge of its foreign news, is the most important of the younger French historians. What it lacks is serviceable agitators. The son of Alphonse Daudet is splendid among his own kind, but he cannot win the confidence of the crowd. His political writings are infectious and sparkling, but his South of France moods are incompatible with leadership.

The *Action Française* movement has some points in common with Italian Nationalism, and, though it can boast no Mussolini, many brilliant writers and journalists have espoused its cause. French Fascism was organized under the leadership of Georges Valois from disgruntled Royalist groups. His attempts to follow the Fascist pattern have not been successful so far, and *Le Nouveau Siècle*, though heavily subsidized, lacks real talent, and cannot be compared to the *Action Française*.

Valois feels that Maurras's activity has done its work, and he now calls for direct action. Graduating from Maurras's school, he has turned his face toward new gods — Sorel and Mussolini. It is the irony of fate that French Fascism is better in theory than in practice. It purposely emphasizes the economic interests of the State, on the assumption that economic development has escaped the control of Parliament.

Unlike other European countries, France possesses no very solid political conservatism. The reason for this is plain. The Conservative concept of society is based on the continuity of national traditions. French Conservatism has not been able to survive revolutions. It expired when the Republican form of government was introduced, and its political functions have since been divided between Royalism and the moderate Republicanism of Raymond Poincaré, who stands firmly on the existing Constitution.

The real Conservative leader in France is not, however, Poincaré, but Millerand. These two men have never coöperated successfully, and during the National Bloc a strong personal and political opposition developed. As the elections approached, the Right Wing of the Bloc, with Millerand's strong support, demanded that, in place of pro-Cartel prefects, men that the

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National Bloc could trust should be appointed. It is well known that the French prefect exerts great influence on election results. Poincaré's response, in so far as it was not negative, consisted in retaining the present incumbents and including more Left sympathizers by taking Loucheur and de Jouvenel into the Cabinet. Although the Right Wing blamed this policy for one of its recent defeats, Poincaré adopted this course of action with an eye to his return as Premier. This man's unqualified rectitude and patriotism, together with certain Radical sympathies, went to make him the most powerful foe of the Cartel, and explains the campaign that was directed against him, which has seldom been equaled even in the lively annals of French politics. From thousands of platforms '*Poincaré — la guerre*' was shouted aloud as the constant danger to the peace of Europe. The Right regarded him as a fickle leader who had weakly surrendered power to the Cartel, and in those days the prospect of his return to power was slight indeed. I recall an important Conservative telling me that he had been in Poincaré's home department to deliver the main speech at a political gathering. He had intended to say a few words about Poincaré, but the local chairman gave him this warning: 'We don't suppose you will mention Poincaré's name?'

'Why, yes, I thought I would,' the man answered.

'Well, don't,' came the reply, 'unless you want to be hissed.'

It must be understood that Doumergue's summoning of Poincaré was the last attempt to save parliamentary institutions. At the same time the 'Committee of Public Safety' was formed in the Chamber under the leadership of Franklin Bouillon and the '1919 men.' These included the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier, Pierre Taittinger, André François-Poncet, and others. National elements all joined to create a parliamentary basis for strong government, fearing that the next political battle would be fought outside the Chamber.

Among the French people at large their Parliament is no longer a matter of national pride. Caillaux allowed himself to be supported by the growing sentiment which favored leaders rather than parliamentarians. The inner circles of the Right supported his demand for financial penance and strong executive powers, but he was a feverish, unsteady, nervous, vacillating minister. He wanted to play the rôle of Briand, to gamble with different groups, leaning against shifting majorities, and never furnishing binding guaranties to any. But there was little confidence in the man who had had to defend himself against the Tiger's accusations of treason, the man who was convicted of succoring his country's enemies while Frenchmen were dying at Chemin des Dames. Though his experiment did not succeed, the situation so developed that it was necessary to give him a chance; and the formation of the Briand-Caillaux Cabinet was hastened by a general eagerness for action.

This much is certain: the fall of Caillaux is the background for the Poincaré régime, which, by virtue of its composition, is one of the greatest in the political history of France. It is known that the President of the Republic and influential circles in the Senate had long believed that a Poincaré coalition was the only parliamentary solution of the difficulty. Many signs pointed toward a new revolution. The political centre of gravity was shifting from parliamentary groups to revolutionary clubs. Small periodicals and pamphlets arose, as in the famous year 1789.

Movements within the Chamber

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accounted for Herriot's startling alliance, which he entered into without consulting his Party. Astonishing as the Poincaré-Herriot coalition may have seemed to the rest of Europe, it was not wholly surprising. During the war Herriot was one of the most zealous spokesmen for holy coöperation, *l'union sacrée*, and for many years the two men have enjoyed close personal friendship based on considerable political sympathy. Long ago Poincaré sought coöperation with the people's tribune of Lyon, but more recently they had been somewhat estranged by the close association of the great Cartel leader with the Socialists. It should be held in mind that Herriot's entire power in the Rhone Valley, and especially his position as Mayor of Lyon, rests on Socialist support.

The fact that André Tardieu, who in case of Poincaré's defeat would be the only Conservative possibility, consented to take a minor portfolio is a conspicuous sign of the Poincaré Cabinet's strength. The conflicts that are sure to arise between Radical-Liberal and Conservative interests will give Millerand his opportunity to stand forth as the parliamentary leader of the Government majority and the Party chief of the Right Wing. Twice has this man been dead politically; twice has he succeeded in attaining the highest posts in the Republic. Millerand has never abandoned the fight. He prepares for it. His strength has always been that he could bide his time and work quietly.

After his forced retirement Millerand could almost certainly have become leader of a pronounced Right Party, but he desired to appear as chief of the whole National Bloc, which meant that he had to avoid a break with Poincaré at all costs. Holding himself aloof from active work, he prepared for his return by keeping in the background. During the Locarno debate his closest followers were embittered because, at the end of an exhaustive criticism, he recommended ratification. The explanation is that a debate with Poincaré was what Millerand particularly wished to avoid, and it may be that we shall sometime see these two men confronting each other as spokesmen for the old and the new France.

Millerand's fight will not be directed against any group or Party. It will be leveled at the antinational, anticlerical radicalism that emerged victorious at the turn of the century. The struggle will be between two different conceptions of life. To Millerand work is the natural centre of gravity for a healthy social life. As long as society possesses unemployed capital, demagogues can attract a following. The hope of Conservatism, therefore, lies in lowering prices and compelling everyone to engage in productive labor.

Twenty years before Fascism was heard of, Millerand demanded common organization of the three elements of production — labor, capital, and technical skill. It is his opinion that social conflict can be taken out of political life by a syndicalist transformation of society. Our modern policy of social support denies individual responsibility and often puts a premium on laziness and sloth. The savings of those who work go into the pockets of the idle. This is wholly at odds with what the Revolution taught about human equality.

Gustave Hervé is the journalistic spokesman for Millerand's ideas. His newspaper, which before the war was called *La Guerre Sociale*, is now *La Victoire*. Sainte-Beuve once said: 'I know only too well that I am without real greatness, since I am unable either to love or to believe.' Gustave Hervé certainly lacks neither love nor faith.

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All who have talked to him know how firmly he believes that he will sometime succeed in leading the workers of France back to the holy fireside of Church and country. He believes that national and religious ties will once again unite great and small, worker and employer.

Hervé is a born journalistic agitator. His ability day in and day out to express the same truth in new words, and to compress long expositions into short phrases and sentences, is amazing. His brain may not be rich in ideas: it is not Gustave Hervé who thinks new thoughts or stamps his personality on his time; his talent consists in giving popular expression to the thoughts of others, in creating the psychological basis for political action.

Hervé looks upon himself not as chief but as herald of the new times. His political philosophy, unlike Millerand's, is strongly Catholic, and his workers' and peasants' edition of *La Victoire du dimanche* has reached a circulation of one hundred thousand.

General de Castelnau's League of Patriots and his great Catholic organization occupy a central position. This man has been reproached for being too moderate, and is also charged with being unable to follow the great traditions of Barrès. Unquestionably his break with *Les Jeunesses Patriotes* was unfortunate. This organization, led by the young and ambitious deputy Pierre Taittinger, has attained real importance in an amazingly short time. There is no doubt that it is the great stronghold of the national revolutionary movement, and it already boasts more organized members than the Socialist Party. Its leaders include Provost de Launay; Prince Murat; Camille Aymard, director of the great Nationalist evening paper, *La Liberté; Ybarnégaray*, who caused Malvy's fall as Minister of the Interior; Kerillis, whose campaign in *L'Écho de Paris*, the organ of the French General Staff, sealed the doom of the Syrian Chief Commissioner, General Sarrail; Deputy Louis Madelin; and Claude Farrère.

Tall and elegant, vibrating with reserve energy, Pierre Taittinger resembles Roberto Farinacci, whose immense popularity among the Fascisti at one time seemed greater than that of the *Duce* himself. There is the same proud cast of head, the same eyes in which moods of the moment flash like lightning, the same compressed speech in which only the rise and fall of the voice betray the soul's quivering passion. Sharp and mercilessly word follows word, like hammer-blows. Only after crushing all opposition beneath brutal verbal logic does he conjure up powerful pictures of the future.

Les Jeunesses Patriotes is the creation of White France against the army of sixty-five thousand Red Communists. Its form of organization follows closely that of the Red centurions. It has established cells of resistance in French factories, and seems to be successful in its anti-Communist propaganda. Looking upon Communism as a war phenomenon conditioned on human misery, Taittinger opposes its demagogic methods with demands for a constructive social policy. His entire philosophy is summed up in three words — authority, discipline, and hierarchy. At the head of the State he wants a chief chosen by delegates from syndicates, chambers of commerce, provincial councils, and Parliament. The chief selects his ministers solely on the strength of personal ability, without regard to the wishes of Parliament, and as far as possible chooses them outside of Parliamentary circles. These men alone are responsible to the head of the nation, and Parliament is confined to controlling public expenditures. It can pass or veto legislation,

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but any provision once accepted cannot be changed. According to Taittinger's scheme senators are to be elected by voters over forty-five, and by large organizations.

Although these ideas indicate the influence of Barrès and Maurras, they are Bonapartist in emphasizing the people as strongly as they do. Taittinger's constitutionalism has largely been taken from Millerand. The social and political aspect of the movement is Fascist, and there is no doubt that Pierre Taittinger's Young Patriots, and not Valois's group, are the ones who should be compared to the Italian Fascisti. The prominent rôle Taittinger plays in Louis Marin's big group in the Chamber shows that in remodeling the political structure of society he acknowledges the Republic only for opportunist reasons.

The *Figaro* movement, led by Lucien Romier, is of a purely Conservative character, while the Clemenceau tendencies of Tardieu and Mandel, as well as the nationalistic radicalism of Franklin Bouillon and Lautier, are a kind of Left Conservatism. People talk of a Caillaux movement in French politics, but this, in my opinion, is overestimated. Caillaux is the opportunist *par excellence*. His strength lies in his ability to feel his way and to win the support of sentiments of the moment. For a time it looked as if he might become the ministerial president of a reconstructed National Bloc. My conversations with leading Conservatives led me to believe that there was a growing sentiment in favor of the man who was at one time tried for treason. It was then said that Caillaux was the only alternative to a Socialist financial dictator. At the present moment Caillaux's position can best be described as a kind of Left Fascism.

There is no doubt in my mind that France is in for revolution the very day deflation commences, unless at that moment a strong, decisive Government is at the helm. The formation in Paris of the *Club Camille Desmoulins*, which has attained real political significance, is a sign of the times. Led by the well-known publicist Pierre Dominique, it is made up of Jacobins with Nationalist leanings. Like the clubs of the Great Revolution, it is first and foremost a discussion group for revolutionary politics and agitation. At its disposal are many newspapers and periodicals, among them *L'Ordre Nouveau*, *La Libre Opinion*, and Goldsky's new weekly, *Paris Phare*.

The goal of this club is 'a renaissance on a national and Republican basis.' To these men the Republic is the one true expression of the nation. Though infected by Nationalism, they desire Parliament to be reduced to a mere controlling factor. Legislative work should be in the hands of technical organizations, but the impulse is to come from a sovereign nation facing its soverign Parliament of democracy. It is significant that this club has demanded strong executive powers and has expressly described itself as anti-parliamentary in the accepted sense of the word. Although the idea has been ingeniously developed in numerous articles and pamphlets, it is actually no more dangerous to the Government than the contentious writings of the Encyclopædists during the Revolution, and that outbreak was the result of a hard winter's misery and prolonged hunger. Sparks alone will not produce a revolution; tinder is necessary too. Clearly there is no lack of sparks in modern France.

Herriot's entrance into the Poincaré Government was the final effort to save France's parliamentary government and Republican Constitution. The next battle will be fought outside the Chamber.

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FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE PEASANT[1]

BY BERNARD FAŸ

In these days when we adore the country so much, when we rush as frequently as possible into the open fields, a writer can hardly ply his trade unless he seeks refuge in solitude, an advocate cannot plead his case unless he spends three months a year in the country, and a minister cannot govern, a worker cannot go to his factory, a professor cannot conduct his course, a business man cannot make money, unless he is amply provided with rustic vacations and with nature. Only the peasants are leaving the country, and they are delighted at the idea of never returning to it. Soon everyone except the peasants will be living outside the city limits. However, there won't be any peasants left.

Each year the rural population of France dwindles. People from the suburbs come to Paris, people from large cities come to the suburbs, people from the villages go to the larger cities, and people in tiny hamlets leave their solitary houses to take up village life. They flee the ground in order to seek human society. They stop being peasants and become 'cultivators.' (If you want to be chosen deputy from a rural district, make note of this essential fact, for it has considerable value at the elections.) The movement is far-reaching. Big countries, and indeed whole continents, no longer have peasants; they have only cultivators. The United States is a typical example. In our eyes the rural organization of the Middle West looks like a series of factories. The farmer goes to work in his Ford like the factory worker, he lives in machines and on them. And in France a similar change is taking place.

The peasant is disappearing. He is leaving his countryside in search of the luxury of city life which was revealed to him during his military service. He is growing tired of slow, painstaking, hazardous work, having been inspired with a blind respect for reason, literature, science, and progress. It would be miraculous if his love of the soil and of the solitary existence he has been obliged to lead for centuries were able to resist this gradual, methodical invasion of a new ideal that animates everyone with a desire to form groups, to take pleasure in great strength and great numbers, to become accustomed to placing a cold, metallic machine between man and his surroundings. This is the cult of reason.

For thirty or forty centuries the peasants' whole existence has been based on perpetual, direct, personal contact with nature. This was the source of their sufferings, which have often been described — as by La Bruyère, for example. It has also been the source of their occasionally perceived pleasures and of their rarely discerned strength. Peasant literature in novels, poetry, and essays is abundant and mediocre. Generally it treats the peasant as if he were simply a person who happens to be living in the country, without recognizing that this definition is insufficient and

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even false. The peasant as he has been fashioned by innumerable generations lives on the soil and from it. His relations with other men are simple and restrained, but his relations with things are numerous, complex, and original. They are governed by a logic entirely different from that which one finds in metropolitan philosophies. He relies on unformulated, intangible rules instead of on reason; but these rules are very strict, and so closely akin to his subconsciousness, that they have become a matter of instinct. Thus the personality of the peasant develops in a special way. He follows the movements of civilization at a distance, and adopts its ideas only when they have lost their crudeness, their logical character, and come to him clothed in an accustomed guise. That is why peasants' religions please them so much and are so necessary — it was the peasants, the pagans, who held out longest against Christianity and who were the only people to remain faithful to their old, illogical, natural gods. Religions formulate the peasant point of view, and protect and prolong that desire for mystery which is the essential characteristic of peasant civilization. In the country peasants accept religion not, as people in the towns do, in spite of mystery, but because of it. To be an active person in harmony with nature and all its immense possibilities, infinite resources, and unforeseen tricks, the peasant must draw his nourishment from sources other than formal logic. The day he accepts logic he is no longer master of himself or competent to cope with nature. He becomes the tool of scholars and city people whose civilization he imitates. He is a hireling. Only that atmosphere of mystery, of activity apart from logic, can give him the pure joy of full and harmonious development.

Literature, even peasant literature, has almost always been written by city people who have misunderstood the characteristics of their subjects and have looked upon peasants as only a lower order of city life. Even George Sand, who was smart enough to perceive the peasants' need for mystery, and on that account stuffed her novels with devils and supernatural devices — even the able and clever Madame Sand painted rustic morals in the most scornful way. Many people admire her still — and, to tell the truth, a great many writers since her time have done worse work. Let us mercifully forbear to mention the innumerable novels in which peasants plead and wail in indistinct, unreal accents. For three centuries we have been snowed under with pastorals.

Deserving of a higher place are those who love the soil and have never abandoned it, and those who are able to make the magic echo of peasant wisdom and experience still ring in our ears. Many are attempting to do this now. The richest, finest talents in our literature are being devoted to it. One could say that, attracted and stimulated by the grandeur and precarious beauty of this peasant civilization, some of our best writers are frantically trying to make notes on this antique familiar subject before it goes down under the flood of mechanism and science. I should like to mention A. de Châteaubriant, whose noble intelligence has so well adapted itself to this work, and Ramuz, Jammes, and many others whose works are full of vigor. But since many examples must be omitted, I shall name only two books that have lately appeared — *Prodige du cœur*, by Charles Silvestre, and *Le Mauvais garçon*, by Henri Pourrat.

M. Silvestre's book has a great and touching simplicity that contrasts delightfully with the noisy sarcasm of our day. It is full of silence, serenity,

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majesty, and charm. There is no screeching here, only fine gestures, splendid work, and a few simple words that come from the bottom of the soul. In telling the pathetic history of the heroic peasant girl who instinctively sacrifices herself to her nephew and adopted son, M. Silvestre moves us deeply. He knows how not to say too much, how to confine the peasant soul to its true province and to reveal all its vague, unlimited strength. His beautiful, characteristic countrysides pass before our eyes in the regular rhythm of the four seasons. There is an atmosphere of natural mystery that seems to me quite consistent with the realities of peasant life. Certain chapters, like the one describing the visit of the old farm helper to the magician, are consummately picturesque and remain with us forever. Unfortunately, M. Silvestre has painted the mysterious side of peasant life more by means of places and events than by the characters themselves. These are apt to remain rather cold, and sometimes seem affected. They are always too much thought out. Between them and their most suggestive background, which is so well described, the reader feels an analytical intelligence imposing itself. This removes some of the vigor, and limits in part the scope of the book.

Pourrat, on the other hand, has succeeded in effacing himself. He does not preach, speak, or even murmur. You feel that he is intensely, passionately attentive, eager to grasp the peasant life and to observe and take part in it without attempting to tame it or bound it in any way. I could have perceived his ideas clearly enough after reading his marvelous book, but I needed no enlightenment, being myself a native of the cold, solitary province of Auvergne, where I once sat at his own fireside and talked about the peasants with him. He did not say much. Someone knocked at the door to let him know that a turkey was strutting about outside and that everyone was laughing at it. They twitted Pourrat a little, and he then told us a story, which his audience corrected as he went along. At half-past three in the afternoon we had cream cheese, sausage, and crackers, with red wine. Pourrat smiled into his sparse beard and said nothing. We were already on intimate terms. The turkey still strutted close to our legs, and still attracted attention. People sang songs for us and told us voluble stories. But it ended in a stomach ache for me.

Le Mauvais garçon is the story of an infancy and youth spent in the country. Bernard Solier is the son of bourgeois parents, but he is an orphan. The war has made him into a real peasant and has cut him off from other people. His only contact with life is through the soil. Everyone in the little village looks upon him as a mysterious, dangerous person, a *mauvais garçon*. He grows up in an atmosphere of mystery that he is always trying to dispel. How and why did his father die? He will never know. The mystery comes to his mind again and again. When will he be able to penetrate it? Another even more poignant mystery is that of his girl, Yvonne, whom he loves and who loves him so much, but who is always under her tutor's eye. Can she be saved, and does she wish to be? Failing to work out matters, he throws himself into the village pond, where the author leaves him.

I want to do justice to this book. Everything in it is admirable — the horrid little town, the surrounding countryside over which a purifying wind is always blowing. Everything is painted in brief, neat strokes, without any recourse to picturesque trickery. The powerful plot brings out the lives

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of the peasants at significant moments that other writers have generally overlooked. Above all, Pourrat has imbued his story with mystery in those places where it really exists, and shows us what is in the soul of this rough, wild child, pure yet sensual. I shall never forget the bitter charm of that young man who was never able to talk with anyone or to listen to anything pertaining to the outside world, who was the sport of the four seasons and of the soil from which he drew his living.

Thanks to his direct, bare style and to his fine sensibility, Pourrat has traced to the life the picture of a country child. He is a peasant and no mistake about it. He is more greedy and uneasy, more active and brutal, more ignorant and yet more developed, than our city children. But the portraiture is so excellent, it is so faithful and true to the spirit of youth, that it reminds me of the best pages in André Gide's *Faux monnayeurs*. *Le Mauvais garçon* is more than a peasant novel. Pourrat has written a great book. He has also created a real human being, one of those mysterious creatures who possess the secret of the soil, who are disappearing in the modern civilization that can neither conquer nor understand them. He is one of those peasant heroes who preserve the oldest traditions of youthful humanity and who bring before our eyes an unknown kind of wisdom and a joy that is all their own.

A PORTRAIT OF FRANCE[1]

BY HENRY BIDOU

To understand the crisis of July, one must realize that for the last seven years the French middle class has been giving only partial and excited attention to the drama of change that has been going on about it. However interested it may be in general ideas, it actually lives in a very small circle. It follows local happenings closely, but its acquaintance with national affairs is slight. During the war journalists were expected to pass judgment on the relations between France and the outside world — and now, if a revolution breaks out in China, people only ask which is the pro-French Party. The Frenchman imagines the world as a vague circle inscribed about his city with him in the middle, somewhat as the ancients represented the sky as a firmament of crystal which served simply as a setting for the earth.

Far more isolated from the world than the German or the Englishman, the Frenchman has gathered that the cost of living is undergoing enormous changes. In his own country he has seen prices multiply five times. Such a change within seven years might well be mortal to an unprosperous country, but in this case there are so many other circumstances to be considered that it has been easy to adapt one's self to the new order. For one thing, the farmers, whose prosperity is in inverse proportion to the cheapness

[1] From *Revue de Genève* (Swiss political and literary monthly), *October*

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of living, have gone from strength to strength. Their wagons are being replaced by automobiles, and even the poorest have now bought land. As always happens, however, the solution of one problem means the raising of another. As the landholders have increased, manual labor has become more scarce. In Burgundy, for example, it is understood that farmers take turns at working each other's land. Other places have turned to foreign labor — Spanish in the southwest, and Italian in the southeast.

This wave of immigration has brought various results. The immigrants send their francs home and contribute to the depreciation of the French exchange. There are even places on the frontiers where foreigners go to work in France and cross the border to their homes in the evening, carrying their pay with them. But the opposite phenomenon is also to be found: the Italians in the Alps and the Spaniards in Languedoc are taking root. Yet there are still places where land is for sale.

As the farming proprietors retire, workers' salaries rise in proportion to the cost of living. The mason who makes thirty-five francs a day, and the typesetter who gets forty or more, live in easier circumstances than the middle classes. Women's salaries have increased similarly. A stenographer now makes eight hundred or a thousand francs a month. In Paris a first-class seamstress is paid 170 francs for a forty-eight-hour week, with double pay for overtime. Furthermore, her industry is working at top speed. Undoubtedly the fate of the intellectuals is miserable and the financial affairs of petty officials are in a bad way. These, however, are elements that do not count much in the general aspect of the country. I believe that the price of intellectual merchandise has doubled since the war. The reviews that used to pay twenty-five francs a page now give fifty. The author's royalties have risen to one franc a copy on each book sold, whereas in 1914 they were from fifty to sixty centimes. It must also be remembered that the public demand for this kind of work is very great. The author who is paid a relatively low salary lives by doing more work than he used to. His fate is simply another detail in the general elimination of the middle class in the new Europe.

This elimination, in so far as it concerns France, is the result of a very complicated series of events, and is much more intricate than most people imagine. It is a mistake to consider the middle classes a stable element in the social structure. This is exactly the opposite of the truth. In the nineteenth century alone the middle class in France was destroyed four times — once in 1815, after the Napoleonic Wars; again in 1840, when industrial prosperity at the close of the reign of Louis Philippe led to a general increase in the cost of living; a third time in 1860, for the same reason; and a fourth time in 1880, during the lives of many who are still among us. The great economic movements have always squeezed out the petty bourgeoisie as cold currents in the ocean kill schools of fish.

What traveler has not passed through one of our little abandoned villages? There was a college here a century ago, where our ancestors studied the classics. A cultivated, almost elegant society lived in those big silent houses, whose monumental doors are surmounted with Chinese plants. The dark rooms with panels of carved wood are full of eighteenth-century furniture in the best of taste. Here people who have since disappeared lived a narrow, dignified life. A few inhabitants still

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look back sadly on their youth, to the time when the town was gay and animated, full of parties and music.

While this society was decaying, another one, drawn from the more successful people of the lower classes, was forming. Advancement in the world was the height of their ambition, and they were being joined by members of the petty nobility who had fallen on evil days. This double movement, by which the middle class continually destroys and renews itself, has not stopped yet. It is the step immediately preceding the death of a society. On this occasion, however, the blow that society has received is particularly rude. We paid a tragic tribute to the war. Economic conditions are responsible for the failure of the middle classes to enter upon higher studies. One of the most serious manifestations of our time is that the right to learn medicine and literature is denied to people of moderate means. The expense of a medical education for his son cost the poor country doctor some two hundred francs a month before the war (I naturally take the minimum price). To-day he must pay three times as much. Such expense is impossible for a man whose income has only doubled. Matters are further complicated by the enormous number of girls now going in for higher scholarship, and thanks to whose tuition fees the faculties are still able to subsist.

It is characteristic of our day that the middle class finds it so hard to gain access to a liberal education. The bourgeoisie in the old sense of the word died out twenty years ago, in the same way that it formed. The taxes which attack the fortune that is being made more than the fortune that is already established are less likely to ruin the middle class than to prevent it from gaining new strength. Is this good or bad? The future will decide, but there is no doubt that many families who thought that only a liberal profession was worthy of them are now sending their children into business.

This immense transformation is much wider than one imagines, because a wholly new spirit is arising. It could be described in a word as the victory of the primary ideal. Up to the present time there was something disinterested and general, something impracticable and elevated, in French ideas — they breathed the spirit of the humanities. It was the lack of this fundamental spirit of our race in the men of 1789 that detractors of the Revolution reproach. The impending collapse of this whole body of doctrine is the most complete change a people can undergo. As a matter of fact, these doctrines include many diverse elements. Ideas are like old churches — when you examine them you recognize many inharmonious elements. The petty bourgeoisie of France used to esteem many things above money, and especially a certain ideal of life modestly based on great pride and great wisdom. The country doctor, the notary, and the scientist approached the highest ideals of ancient times. Even industry cherished many ideas of a most unindustrial sort — respect for conventions, insistence on perfect workmanship, mistrust of all new processes that speeded production at the expense of quality, and, above all, pride in the firm's name. This was what made the combination of little individual industries so difficult in France. To combine a factory inherited from one's ancestors with a rival factory and to exploit them together has always been and still is as unintelligible to the French bourgeois as a trust of barons would have been to the feudal lords of the Middle Ages. France, which has spread democratic ideals throughout the world, is actually a nation of petty

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nobles. By that I mean that it is composed of an infinite number of isolated cells, between which communication is difficult. For a Frenchman from the North or Centre to install himself in a Breton village and become one of its inhabitants, naturalized and recognized as such, would be a difficult enterprise.

How does it happen that all these little separate groups are able to make the most unified nation in the world — a nation acutely sensitive to collective ideas, to common infatuations and hatreds? It is one of those fundamental contradictions of human nature. The Frenchman, though ill-informed about other countries, is capable of sudden tenderness or hatred directed toward the very countries whose existence he ignores. Self-reliant, and apparently indifferent to foreign interests, he still has a kind of crusading spirit and a flair for delivering the world. Economically and unostentatiously he has a certain scorn for money, and you will never win over a peasant who has taken it into his head not to sell you his butter or his eggs. Our light-hearted race has shown that it is capable of invincible resistance. It is a chaos of ideas historically inherited, culturally acquired, and temperamentally produced.

Only under the pressure of circumstances does this temperament change. France goes to school with reality, and she has traveled a long way in the last fifty years. The aristocracy adapted itself to the times and joined the industrial middle class in forming the kind of society described by the younger Dumas. This is now as remote as the thirteenth century. Though the upper middle class has opened its eyes, the lower middle class is probably the one that has changed the least of any. But in the governing group facts have acquired a value they never enjoyed before, and literature itself has been modified. That is what I mean by the triumph of the primary spirit.

Such were the elements fermenting in France at the beginning of 1926. Some, like the increasing cost of living, were temporary factors that would adjust themselves to circumstances. Others, like the transformation of our national character, were slow and scarcely perceived phenomena.

Suddenly an event occurred that first stupefied, then angered, and finally alarmed the nation. Our exchange went to pieces. As we said, this was not a matter with which most people were concerned. In point of fact, the purchasing power of French money in France and its value in foreign markets were always variable. The cost of living increased, but not as fast as the franc fell. In other words, the cost of living in France was never based on gold. Even during the crisis this summer, when the franc fell to a tenth of its value, prices had only increased to five times the pre-war figure, but they had kept on getting higher since January.

Interior dumping has helped to conceal from the French the vicissitudes of our exchange during the last six years. What was their surprise when they suddenly saw everything going to smash. Their country was working hard, it was prosperous, yet a kind of mysterious, indefinable disease menaced it. They accused foreigners and speculators, and, as the franc kept on falling, they accused their own Government.

We now come to a very delicate point — the connection between politics and everyday life. There is no doubt that parliamentary systems, the ideal of the nineteenth century, are undergoing a crisis. Three countries — Italy, Spain, and Greece — have virtually abandoned them. Elsewhere

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they are a mere frill. In France several new parties are fighting parliamentarianism, but I do not think that it is in serious danger. The French are furious with their deputies, whom they blame for having raised the price of living, but they remain firmly attached to self-government.

The most singular thing about this crisis is that it was clearly foreseen after the elections of May 11, 1924, by those whom it was going to hurt the most. When the industrialists saw the Cartel come into power, they understood that the principles of this group were irreconcilable with the traditions of their business. The wisest of them put on the brakes at once. This was followed by a general slowing up of business for a space of two years, which did a great deal to absorb the shock of 1926. The stagnation leading to the stabilization of the franc is behind us and not ahead of us.

I think that this has been true of the metal industries. In other activities the shock was sharper. Certain textile mills, if I am not mistaken, have continued to run full blast, but they do not know whether last month's work was remunerative or ruinous.

Most citizens have been in the dark, but when the fall of the franc began the national spirit awoke and animated France with that energy which she is always able to command at times of crisis. Since these manifestations of national sentiment are based on generous instincts, they have a touching, naïve, and rather absurd aspect, which, however, cannot conceal their serious character. It is perfectly clear that the popular expression, 'to save the franc,' means nothing, because the peril of the franc is not a phenomenon in itself, but a symptom. It is a little as if a doctor, seeing his patient with a fever, said that it was necessary to save the thermometer. But this ingenuous formula does show a serious determination and a spirit of sacrifice that is far from ridiculous. How many poor people I have seen who were resigned to giving the State a large amount of their property in order to save their country from danger. The difficult years that people are prophesying will find the French resolved and prepared for the test.

This spirit of abandoning one's own advantages for the common good, which is a survival of the war spirit, is also a sign of the new day. It is the most important symptom of change, and is so serious that I hesitate to put it on paper. However, it seems to me perfectly certain.

Under the name of a bourgeois régime we are headed not only for an advanced form of Socialism but for the beginning of Communism. French political parties have given up combats about theories, but unseen conflicts of ideas are going on which will be bound to interest the historian. In our country of small property-holders who appear so devoted to capital no citizen denies the right of the State to dispose of his goods as it sees fit. We are becoming Bolshevized without knowing it. Such will be the revolutions of tomorrow. They are maturing slowly, and will have been accomplished a long time before anyone wakes up to them.

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WITH THE U-53 TO AMERICA. II[1]

BY CAPTAIN HANS ROSE

We spent the night near the Nantucket lightship, as lack of fuel prevented our steering a southwest course and skirting past New York.

The Bremen also had not contemplated making this excursion, although it was built specially for the transatlantic journey and was three times as big as our boat. Sunk with all hands, it had been soon forgotten. I remembered seeing the commander and his officers during the winter before — and now they shared the fate of so many other participants in U-boat warfare. How different these last two days would have been for us if their ship had succeeded in making the journey! We had the will to do our duty, but fate had decreed against it.

As morning broke, the world about us was revealed in a dim twilight. We saw before us the lightship, and took up our journey again. Our experiences on the eighth of October, 1916, were so numerous and so extraordinary that it is impossible for me to put them in narrative form. I believe that I can render them best by repeating the very words that I found written in my diary when I returned. The simple, straightforward account runs as follows: —

October 8, 1916. — Very clear. A cloudless sky and almost no wind.

5.35 A.M. — Nantucket lightship two miles behind us. The American steamer Kansan halts after we fire across her bow. She is not able to discern us through the morning haze, but we get in touch with her through wireless in the Morse code. Having been ordered to bring her papers on board, she sends a boat over to us with some little difficulty. Papers show that she is plying between Genoa and Boston with a cargo of soda and no contraband.

6.15 A.M. — The steamer is released and its name and nationality noted. Wireless communication is broken off after its departure. We take a southward course to get in the main line of ocean traffic, and decide not to attack a large steamer that we see, because of the difficulty of saving the passengers.

6.53 A.M. — The British steamer Strathdene, 4321 tons, is stopped after several shots have been fired across her bow and she has been signaled to bring her papers over. After the sixth shot the steamer turns and stops.

7.09 A.M. — The signal 'Leave the ship' is given, because it is clearly established that the Strathdene is a British boat. In neither of the two boats lowered over the side does the captain bring any papers. His crew consists of a few white people, but mostly of Chinese and Negroes. We give him the direction and distance to the Nantucket lightship, and they sail away. After an hour's progress they are still on the right course.

7.43 A.M. — A torpedo is shot into the aft hold at a depth of nine feet. The steamer settles in the water but does not sink. We turn our attention to another ship that has just appeared.

[1] From *Tägliche Rundschau* (Berlin Stresemann-Party daily), *September* 23, 24

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8.03 A.M. — The Norwegian steamer Chr. Knudsen, of 3878 tons, is signaled to stop. The captain comes on board with his papers. The steamer is fair game because it is carrying gasoline to London. The captain receives my orders to follow me to the steamer Strathdene and to leave his boat near that ship, awaiting my return so that I can tell him how to get to the lightship. He is pleasantly surprised by this message. The steamer Strathdene is finally sunk by grenade fire.

9.53 A.M. — The Chr. Knudsen has been following us at a distance of four miles, and the crew has now left the ship. We dispatch a torpedo at a depth of twelve feet, but the ship does not sink, and we open artillery fire on her. Still no result, as the heavy cargo of oil runs out through every hole we put in the boat.

10.54 A.M. — A third ship is sighted to the east, so we fire a second torpedo into the Chr. Knudsen, which finishes her.

11.30 A.M. — The steamer West Point, 3847 tons, is stopped by shooting across the bow, and flag signals to leave the ship are raised. The steamer gives distress signals, which have to be interrupted by force.

11.40 A.M. — Two shots carry away the port antennæ of the wireless and silence it. The crew leaves the ship in two boats. A shot in the centre of the ship assures us that the boat has no concealed weapons. Its lifeboats surround us, but the captain has brought no papers with him. The ship is empty and headed for Newport News. The lifeboats are allowed to get some distance away, and the ship is then sunk by shell fire.

12.35 P.M. — A trial dive. We hear by wireless of the arrival of one of the crews at the Nantucket lightship, which will see that it gets ashore. The lifeboats from the West Point have passed by the place where the Knudsen was sunk, and are approaching the lightship. The lifeboats of the Knudsen are not in sight.

2.45 P.M. — A tanker from New York is warned at the Nantucket lightship, and returns to New York.

3.05 P.M. — A big steamer sails east past the Nantucket lightship.

3.39 P.M. — The lifeboats with the crew of the West Point are able to reach the lightship, thanks to half-favoring winds. Our distance from the lightship is now about four miles.

3.40 P.M. — The Norwegian vessel Kaspana ex Gesto ex Bifrost is stopped with shots across the bow and with signals. The captain brings his papers on board and is allowed to proceed, for the boat is headed for a Norwegian port and the cargo is largely corn.

4.15 P.M. — We look about for the lifeboats from the steamer Knudsen. They are coming west, headed for the lightship. Going over, I reproach the captain for not having gone where I told him to but making me look for him. The boats are now headed for the lightship. During the day many wireless warnings have been sent out. We could not pick up the messages from the steamer Kansan on account of their wave length.

4.55 P.M. — We stop the Blommersdyk, a passenger boat of 4850 tons, showing the Dutch flag in several places. It agrees to my demand that it bring over its papers.

5.15 P.M. — Before this command is executed, a destroyer appears and I submerge. The destroyer is American, and is headed for the Nantucket lightship.

5.30 P.M. — We rise to the surface. A great number of destroyers are approaching from Newport. The first one apparently has taken on board the crews of all the steamers sunk in the course of the morning. The Blom-

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mersdyk sends its boat out again with papers.

5.40 P.M. — Before the boat has reached us another steamer appears from the east. In order to prevent its coming closer, we shoot across its bows from a distance of three miles, and stop the distress signals from the Blommersdyk, whose papers we now look over. We find that the Blommersdyk is fully laden with cargo, partly contraband, and is ostensibly headed for Holland. In none of the ship's papers is the destination Kirkwall given. The officers who are sent also do not give me any such information. Only from the health papers and the American certificates on board can I learn that the Blommersdyk is headed for that port in the Orkney Islands. On weighing the matter, I see that I must exercise great discretion in deciding whether to sink this boat. Under ordinary circumstances I should be inclined to take the more lenient view, but conditions are such that, in order to be as easy on the feelings of the Americans as possible, I may have to let the other passenger steamer go past, because I cannot make out its nationality in the dark. Yet I must bend every effort to give the impression that the presence of American destroyers is not making me submissively renounce my rights; so I decide on the harsher course, and give the signal to the Blommersdyk, five hundred yards away, to leave the ship. Preparations to leave are already under way.

Meanwhile, around the two steamers and the U-53, sixteen American destroyers have taken their places, so that I have to manœuvre with the greatest care. When the lifeboat from the Blommersdyk that brought the officers with the papers goes back to its ship again the U-53 comes so close to the American destroyer Number 53 that I have to throw both my engines into reverse to avoid a collision. We miss each other by a bare fifty yards, and in backing I upset a tugboat whose crew had no sooner thought themselves safe on the Blommersdyk than they had to leave that and board the destroyer 53.

I have told the Dutch officer that I am giving the crew twenty-five minutes to get off, — that is, until 6.30, — and that he is to lower the flag as a signal that no one is on board.

Then I sail over to the other passenger ship to look over its papers, and to allow it to proceed on account of its passengers, thinking that it may not have enough lifeboats. I have the signal 'You can proceed' all ready to send when I realize that the boat has already been abandoned and that all the passengers have been taken on board the American destroyers. The searchlight of one of the destroyers lights for a second on the bow of the steamer, and gives me the opportunity to see a British flag and the words 'Stephano, Liverpool,' written there. It is a boat of 3449 tons.

Running between the steamer and the destroyers, I return to the Blommersdyk, whose crew has left it but whose flag is still flying. With sirens and cries through my megaphone I make certain that there is no one left on board. A destroyer is lying in its close vicinity, and I request him in the Morse code to give way a little, so that I can sink the ship. He at once complies with my request.

7.50 P.M. — A torpedo is discharged at a depth of twelve feet into hold number four, and the boat settles but does not sink.

8.20 P.M. — We shoot a second torpedo into hold number three, and she slowly sinks.

9 P.M. — The steamer has practically sunk, but a part of one side is still just sticking above the water. American

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destroyers go close to the wreck. Gradually all the destroyers but two disappear in the direction of Newport, and the U-53 moves over to the Stephano.

A prize crew is sent on board and sets off time bombs, but the steamer does not sink. Artillery fire is then opened, but we cannot tell what the results are.

10.30 P.M. — The Stephano is sunk with our last torpedo, and we sail east. The two destroyers disappear in the west. Our homeward journey is now resumed. During the night we send a wireless message to the German News Bureau in Washington, giving a full account of the events of the day.

Ten years have passed since all this happened, but my heart still beats faster when I think of the terrible risks that we ran. I well knew that I was responsible for whatever happened. I had to decide one way or another, and when I think the matter over to-day I still believe that in similar circumstances I should again do just as I did at the time. The most difficult decision was whether we should remain submerged when the American destroyers first approached us. Had we stayed under water we should have run less risk of immediate conflict with the United States, but we should also have surrendered the whole purpose of our journey. We therefore came to the surface, and I cannot but feel grateful to the commanders of the American destroyers for having preserved their neutrality so thoroughly. It was especially considerate of one of them who was obstructing my action to move out of my way when I signaled to him in the Morse code. Had these Americans foreseen that a year later I was to sink one of their destroyers, the Jacob Jones, perhaps their conduct would have been different.

That we had suddenly run into two steamers in one evening, and that both had been left, with all lights going, by everyone on board, — although we were glad to let one of them go free, — had an element of the comic about it.

Wacker, one of my officers, entered the dining-room of the Stephano and there found a marvelous array of food from the Indies on the table. He quickly filled a sack with bananas, pineapples, ducks, pullets, ham, grapes, roast chicken, lobsters, and fresh vegetables, and jammed it into our little tender. But as he was going back he noticed that the boat leaked badly, and in order to keep it from sinking he had to throw the whole business overboard just twenty yards before he reached the U-53. When he boarded us he wept aloud.

The crew were all delighted, and I too was relieved, to feel that we had seen the shackles fall from the German submarine campaign. But I was greatly worried during the next few days, wondering whether I had done right, and whether war with the United States could be staved off.

We now devoted all our energies to returning as quickly as possible, and on the tenth of October, at three in the afternoon, we were in the coal-black water of the Labrador current. When we struck the Gulf Stream the water was 55° F. Two hours later it rose to 59°; at six o'clock it was 63°, at eight 66°, and at ten 69°. We were now well in the Gulf Stream.

The air in the boat was moist and sultry, and though we went around in our shirt-sleeves sweat ran out of all our pores. Water clustered in beads on the sides of the ship. By this time we had used up so much fuel that the boat was able to pursue its normal rate of speed. It also responded so submissively to the waves that we saw one reason why the British always call a

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boat 'she.' From our point of view it was just as well that the boat was lighter, for off Newfoundland we struck a storm in which the waves ran mountain high, while the wind blew their crests across the decks in foam. When the sun at last burst through the clouds it shone on the water in a thousand different colors. During this time we did not move forward an inch, as our lightened vessel was the sport of the elements, which were wonderful and marvelous to behold. One of the crew described the storm a month later in these words: 'Off Newfoundland eight or ten hurricanes must have struck us at once, and they raised an enormous sea. When we went over these mountainous waves our bow pointed up at an angle of sixty degrees, and the forward part of the ship stood clear of the water beyond the conning tower. Then we would crash down and the stern of the boat would stick up so far that the propellers were in the air. It is hard to say how high the waves are when you are in them, and all we knew was that the propellers were churning wildly and that our ears rang with the vibration.'

The storm lasted for twenty-four hours, when the barometer rose and for a week we sailed in the Gulf Stream with a light wind, steering toward the east. All day long the autumn sun shone upon us, and at night we glided under the light of a beautiful sea of stars. Those who were not on watch during the evening formed in little groups about the conning tower, and splendid patriotic and military songs rose to the heavens from more than twenty throats. Never were the crew downhearted. They were always full of good nature and humor. One sailor played the harmonica and another the musical sweet potato. Bubbling over with enthusiasm, we used to sing the last verse of the 'Pirate Song': —

Wir stürzen uns auf das feindliche Schiff
Wie ein losgeschossener Pfeil,
Die Muskete kracht, die Kanone brüllt,
Laut rasselt das Enterbeil.

Der Feind, er stürzt, und zum Himmel empor
Erklingt unser Jübelgeschrei:
Hoch lebe das ewig brausende Meer,
Hoch lebe die Seeräuberei.

(As an arrow wildly speeds through the air,
At the enemy's ship we fly.
Our muskets crash and our cannons roar
As our boarding axes we ply.

The enemy falls, and the heavens resound
To our cries of victory.
Long live the life of the roaring deep!
Long live sea piracy!)

That was the song dearest to German sailors' hearts, and it has remained so even since the war.

But we underwent many anxious hours too. The man we had pressed into service as a barber became paler, thinner, and weaker as time wore on. He had to come to me three times a day for medicine. A machinist's mate developed boils, which Stein and I lanced with a razor blade sterilized over the spirit lamp. Gerd Noormann, the man with the laughing white teeth, suddenly doubled up with a frightful stomach ache. We fed him for a week on condensed milk, which we were lucky enough to have on board. He could not take anything else. I often sat on the edge of this excellent fellow's berth, anxiously wondering whether he was threatened with appendicitis; but gradually he recovered and got on his feet again.

I had the misfortune to have someone smash my jam pot, so that it fell on the floor in a thousand pieces. I had to pick out the broken glass with the greatest care in order not to forgo one of my chief pleasures. As far as the provisioning went, we all shared alike, and subsisted chiefly on barley, prunes, and lard; but it all tasted the same.

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The day of Noormann's recovery we had macaroni and bacon on the fire. The excellent cook spiced this dish with nutmeg. I allowed myself to remark: 'You 've put a little too much nutmeg in, have n't you?' I realized my mistake when he thundered at me: 'The flavor of the nutmeg must prevail, *Herr Kapitänleutnant!*' I never criticized him again.

We met a steamer on our way home, but let it go by after we saw that it was neutral; and we ran into only one British cruiser, which we could not fire at because all our torpedoes were gone.

Near the Hebrides the U-55 was waiting to provide any help we might need. Our first question was about unrestricted U-boat warfare. When we were told that it had not yet been determined upon, all the proud hopes that we had cherished fled. Hardly had we left the U-55 behind us than the frame of our forward rudder broke with a loud crack. This put the boat in a precarious position, but after an hour's work we had the matter sufficiently in hand to be able to dive in case of need.

After passing at night the dark mountains of the Shetland Islands, we were greeted in the North Sea by a wild storm. It was icy cold, and one could no longer remain on the conning tower. We therefore dove, but even then we still felt the motion of the sea. It was necessary for us to submerge to a depth of one hundred and twenty feet before we could get on an even keel. Everyone was sleeping, and quiet prevailed. In the officers' room sat Papa Stein, gently playing strains of Schubert on his flute. I myself lay awake in my berth, and the head engineer was having a few shots of cognac. Bode was as usual working on his machinery, and Wacker was steering.

The next morning we reached the German outposts along Horn's Reef. A fishing steamer stopped us and asked for the password. We replied, 'We don't know it.' Thereupon he turned his cannon on us and looked as if he were going to open fire. On putting the question again, he received from us in good German the reply that we had been at sea so long that we could not know the word. Clearing the decks for action, he beckoned us over toward him.

'Where do you come from?'

'From America, you ass,' we replied.

That was so German that he recognized us as a friend at once and let us by. At noon our compass began to waver, and at that moment Helgoland came in sight. It was a curious coincidence that this compass which had served us so well both ways should fail us as soon as it became superfluous.

Signals of hearty welcome greeted us on the island of Helgoland. As we sailed in, the crew all ranged themselves on the forward deck, singing their beloved 'Pirate Song.' When this was over, companies of coast artillery and the crews of U-boats, mine sweepers, and torpedo boats greeted us with shouts of welcome, and the brass band on the island played patriotic airs. That evening we were invited on board the flagship of the fleet, where we had good food, better wine, and even better company to listen to our stories.

Our reception quite took the wind out of our sails. Letters in unfamiliar handwriting had been sent to us from all parts of Germany, showing how great the interest in our trip had been, and how highly the German people esteemed our seamanship. The following morning, Sunday, the twenty-eighth of October, we left port, and all the boats greeted us with hurrahs, cap-waving, and band music. The farther we went the more boats swarmed around us, and their greetings were increasingly enthusiastic. I do not

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know how often we answered the shouts before arriving at Wilhelmshaven safe and sound. The commander of the fleet met us at the entrance of the harbor with his staff, and two bands played the national anthem. On the shore was an enormous crowd of people pressed head to head, shouting their welcome. Admiral Scheer made a speech, and himself pinned an iron cross on the breast of every member of my crew. We then ran up the wharf and slept on shore for the first time in six weeks. When we landed people made a lot of fun of us because we had forgotten many incidents in the voyage, and staggered about like drunken men. This was no wonder, because since the eighth of October the weather had been so rough that no one had been able to go out on deck.

Looking back on the enterprise, it must be confessed that the trip failed of its purpose. We had not been able to meet the U-Bremen, for it had been sunk on its journey over; we could not sink any English warships, because we could not find any; and, what was the worst of all, less use was made of U-boats, although as a direct result of our appearance over there they should have been employed more than ever — a state of affairs that lasted for several months. The only result of our trip was that we had made our enemies understand what they could expect from German U-boats — though this warning unquestionably turned out to be a false one. In the minds of us U-boat people, the trip intensified our confidence and brought home to us what German material was capable of when well managed. The Kaiser gave a written message to us in which he spoke of the importance of our trip, and I myself had a personal interview with the great war lord.

I remember all my experiences on this cruise with pleasure. Many of my comrades, including Wacker, later went to their deaths on their boats for the Fatherland. With many others I am still in touch to-day. All of them agree that their journey on the U-53 was the bravest, most impressive incident of their lives. We were not always animated only by a youthful desire for victory, but were impelled by the categorical imperative to do our duty with unbending will, to achieve, in the words of our former Chancellor, 'the freedom of the seas.'

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DOWN THE VOLGA[1]

BY JOSEPH ROTH

THE white steamboat that goes from Nizhni Novgorod to Astrakhan lies at the dock. Somebody rings a loud little bell, and the porters, clad in tights, run through the baggage-room with their baggage straps over their shoulders. The noise has brought them to life. Hundreds of people are standing at the buffet. It is ten o'clock of a bright morning, and a brisk wind is blowing. It looks as if a circus were arriving.

The steamer is named after a renowned Russian revolutionist, and has four classes for passengers. The new Russian bourgeoisie, the nepmen, travel in first. They are off for their vacations in the Caucasus and Crimea. They eat in the dining-room under the light shade of palm trees, and a picture of the renowned revolutionist looks down at them from above the door where it is nailed. The girls play on the metallic piano, while their fathers gamble and complain about the Government. The waiter is rather class-conscious, for he was on board the steamer when it used to be named after a grand duke. A tip evokes his old sense of respect which the Revolution has tried to annihilate.

Fourth class is down below. The passengers here carry heavy bundles, cheap baskets, musical instruments, and tools. All nations that live on the Volga, the steppes, or in the Caucasus are represented here — Finno-Ugrics, Gypsies, Jews, Germans, Poles, Russians. There are Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Mohammedans, lamas, heathens, and Protestants — old men, fathers, mothers, girls, and children. Petty farmers, poor laborers, wandering musicians, blind beggars, traveling salesmen, half-grown shoeblacks, and homeless children who live on air and misfortune, are packed together. The men sleep in two rows of wooden bunks, one above the other. They eat pumpkin seeds, and pick fleas out of their children's hair, wash their clothes, quiet their suckling babies, brew tea, and play harmonicas. During the day the room is noisy and unpleasant, but at night peace descends and only sleeping poverty is to be seen. Naïve pathos is manifest in all their faces, in a pure, clear, spiritual light. Fumbling hands try to turn out smoky lamps, and men bury their heads in their wives' hair, while farmers still tell their old holy stories to one another and children play with their shabby dolls. The whirling machinery reflects the lamplight. Red-faced girls show strong white teeth as they smile at each other. A great peace has settled on this poor world, and prevails as long as all are sleeping.

On the Volga steamer the passengers are not divided according to wealth. Among the fourth-class passengers are rich farmers, and there are many poor business men in first. The Russian peasant prefers to travel in fourth class. Not only is it cheaper, but he feels more at home. The Revolution has freed him from the fear of his masters, but it is a long way from freeing him of his feeling about his surround-

[1] From the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *October 5*

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ings. In a restaurant with a piano the peasant cannot eat his pumpkin seeds with a good appetite. For a few months everyone traveled in one class, but soon they differentiated themselves of their free will.

'See,' said an American on board, 'what the Revolution has done — the poor people crowd down below, and the rich play cards above.'

'That is not the only fact which forces itself on one's attention,' I said. 'The poorest shoeblack in fourth class now knows that he can come up to us whenever he wants to, and the rich nepmen are always afraid that he will. Above and below are no longer symbolic; they are simply states of mind. Perhaps they will become symbolic again sometime.'

'They sure will!' said the American.

Over the Volga the sky hangs low, and is heavy with motionless clouds. Beyond the banks on either hand the wide distances are dotted here and there with trees and animals, and birds are seen in the air. A forest in this setting looks like a work of art. Everything has the tendency to isolate itself and decay. Cities, towns, and people are far apart. Houses, huts, and tents of wanderers stand in solitude. The different elements do not mix. Whoever has taken up life here remains a wanderer all his days. You breathe the air of freedom in this country, in the same way that you do when you go to sea. Birds do not fly about very much, though they could do so illimitably, but men spread themselves over the country like birds in the sky.

The river is like the land — wide, endless, and leisurely. From Nizhni Novgorod to Astrakhan is more than two thousand kilometres. On the banks of the stream the low, sharp Volga hills rear their bare, rocky sides from the water. God seems to have shaped them in a moment of playfulness. Beyond stretch the plain and the steppes.

You feel the breath of these steppes over the hills and over the river, and you taste the bitterness of eternity. In the presence of great mountains and boundless seas man feels lost and bewildered. On wide plains also are we lost, but we are comforted too. Man is nothing more than a straw here, but he will not perish. He is like a child who wakes early on a summer's day while all the world is sleeping. The humming of a fly or the ticking of a watch is a pleasant noise to hear in the endless monotony of these vast plains.

We stopped at settlements with houses of wood and mud, shingled or roofed with straw. Often the dome of a church reared itself among the dwellings like a mother among her children. Sometimes the church stood at the head of a procession of houses, with a long, pointed steeple on top, looking like a French bayonet. It was an armed church, leading its town to battle.

Kazan, the capital of Tatary, lay before us, and its gay merchants were crying their wares on the river banks. Open windows like glistening fans greeted us. We heard the rattle of droshkies on the pavement, and our eyes were attracted by green and gold reflections from the domes. Kazan is connected to its harbor by a street which was turned into a river, for it had rained the day before. Throughout the town streams were running and broken paving stones stuck out of the mud. The signboards and signposts were almost unreadable, being covered with dirt, and were particularly difficult to decipher on account of being written in Turkish-Tatar script. For this reason the Tatars, well known as clever business men, had to sit in front of their shops and shout their wares aloud. Before the Revolution only twenty-five per cent of them even knew

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the alphabet, but now many can read and write. Tatar books are on sale, and the newsboys sell Tatar papers. Tatar post office officials are employed, one of whom announced to me that Tatars are the bravest people in the world. 'But they are partly Finnish,' I said maliciously, and the official was offended.

With the exception of hotel-keepers and storekeepers, everyone is satisfied with the present régime. The Tatar peasants sometimes fought on the side of the Reds and sometimes on the side of the Whites, but generally had no idea of what was going on. To-day all the districts of Kazan are organized by the Government. The young people have formed into *Komsomol*, or Communist League of Youth organizations. As is the case with most Mohammedan people in Russia, the Tatars look upon religion more as a matter of custom than of belief. The Revolution destroyed the custom out of necessity, but the poor peasants are all satisfied with the Volga Government. The rich ones, from whom much was taken, are disgruntled, just like the Germans in Pokrovsk and the peasants in Tsaritsyn and Saratov.

With the exception of the German colonies, most of the young people along the Volga are staunch adherents of the Communist Party. Political enthusiasm runs higher here than it does in the urban proletariat. Many of the villages formerly enjoyed no culture whatever. The Finno-Ugrics, for instance, are heathen to this very day. They pray to idols and offer up sacrifices. To these simple children of nature along the Volga Communism means civilization. To the young Finno-Ugrics the Red Army cantonments are palaces, and any palace that is open to them seems like seventh heaven. Electricity, newspapers, radios, books, typewriters, pictures, movies, and theatres, — all these things that we are so accustomed to, — seem new and marvelous to primitive people. 'The Party' has made them all. It has not only overthrown the big landlords; it has also invented the telephone and the alphabet. It has given people the strength to overcome their poverty, and has made an asset of their need.

The towns along the Volga are the dreariest that I have even seen. They remind me of the devastated areas in France. During the Revolution the houses were burned, and afterward white hunger galloped through the ruined streets. Men died by hundreds and thousands. They ate cats, dogs, rabbits, rats, and starving children. They bit their hands and drank their blood. They dug earthworms out of the ground and ate them with white chalk instead of cheese. Two hours after they would die in agony. It is extraordinary that these towns still live at all, that their inhabitants bargain with each other, carry freight, sell apples, and rear their children. Already a new generation is growing up that knows nothing about the recent hard times, and scaffoldings are rising that will soon be finished houses.

I did not wonder that these towns were so large and had such high buildings. I took it for granted when I found a tailor in the lobby of my hotel at Samara, and was not surprised that the rain did not pour into my room at Tsaritsyn, or that the napkins were made out of brightly colored paper. One can now walk all through these new buildings with plastered walls.

Regarding the people along the Volga, this generalization can be made: most of the business men are discontented; the workmen are optimistic but quiet; the waiters respectful and unreliable; the porters humble; and the bootblacks lively. Youth is revolutionary here, and half the young men are in Communist organizations.

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People paid extraordinary attention to my clothes. If I drank beer and wore no cravat, the cost of living went down. Apples cost two kopecks, and a droshky ride half a ruble. People took me for a foreign political outcast living in Russia. They bade me welcome, and waiters had the proletarian instinct to expect no tip. Shoeblacks were satisfied with ten kopecks, and the peasants in the post offices begged me to address their letters in a clear hand.

But how expensive it was when I wore a cravat! People called me *Grafhdanin* (burgher) and *Gospodin* (sir). German settlers said *Herr Landsmann*. Business men began to abuse the Government. Coachmen expected a ruble for their fare. Waiters told me that they had gone to business school and were really intelligent men. An anti-Semite informed me that only the Jews had come out on top in the Revolution. 'That is why they all live in Moscow,' he said. Another person tried to impose on me. He said that during the war he had been an officer and in prison at Magdeburg. The nepmen confessed to me, 'In our position we can see only one side of things.'

Thus it was brought home to me that in Russia one can see either a great deal more or a great deal less than in other countries. In no other country have I run into fewer foreigners, and nowhere have I been so warmly received. I was allowed to go to offices, law courts, hospitals, schools, barracks, and prisons. I met police officials and university professors. Townspeople criticized bitterly and loudly when there was a foreigner present. In every hotel I could talk with officers in the Red Army about war, peace, literature, and armaments. In other countries this is more dangerous, but here the secret police has apparently been disbanded to such an extent that I did not notice it at all.

The famous Volga boatman always sings his famous song. In Russian cabarets in Western Europe the *burlaki* bask in a violet spotlight, while muted violins are played. But the real burlaki are sadder people than those who represent them on the stage could ever suspect. Although they are strongly infected with a romantic tradition, their song strikes deep into the hearts of all who hear them.

Apparently they are the strongest men of our time. Any one of them can carry a weight of two hundred kilogrammes on his back, lift a hundred kilogrammes from the ground, crack a nut between his thumb and forefinger, balance an oar on two fingers, and eat three watermelons in forty-five minutes. They look like bronze statues of more than life size clad in skins. They are strong and healthy, living on the river all the time; but I have never seen one of them laugh; they are not gay. Though their religion forbids the use of alcohol, they drink *Schnaps*. Ever since the Volga has been used for carrying freight these hardy workmen have been here. At the present time there are more than two hundred steamers on the river, with a total displacement of fifty thousand tons. The 1190 barges without motors displace a total of nearly two million tons.

Their song does not rise from their throats, but from the bottom of their hearts, where its melody has been woven into their very existence. They sing like people condemned to death, like galley slaves. Never will a singer be free of his burden, and never will he be in need of Schnaps. And what work these human derricks do! You seldom hear a complete song — only snatches, no more. Music is a form of mechanical assistance. It functions like a lever. There is one song for towing and another song for unloading the cargo. The words are old and primitive, and I

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have heard different ones to the same tune. They sing about how hard life is, and how welcome death, about their burdens, and about girls and love. The moment their load is on their back the song bursts out. I could not sit and listen to the flat tones of the piano, or stay and play cards. Leaving the steamer, I went over and sat on a little boat near by. Two workmen were sleeping near me on a pile of cargo. In four or five days they would be in Astrakhan. The captain of the little boat had told his wife to go to sleep. These two were the whole crew.

Before I wandered on the American pointed out a big pile of rich earth on the sandy beach and said: 'How much valuable material is lying here unused! What a spot for a health resort! What sand! If only this Volga were part of the civilized world!'

'If this were in the civilized world,' I replied, 'there would be smoky factories, noisy motor boats, and dirty machinery here. Men would be sick all the time and would have to go away to be cured. And there would certainly be no desert. In a really hygienic health resort there are restaurants, cafés, and tourists. Bands would have to play the Volga boat song with a Charleston rhythm and cheap words.'

'Ah,' cried the American, and his face lit up — 'the Charleston!'

Most people in Astrakhan are engaged in fishing and caviar traffic, and the smell of their wares permeates all parts of the city. You have to go to Astrakhan to realize this, and if you ever do go there you will not stay long. Other specialties of the town include the renowned Astrakhan skins and silver-gray lambskin caps. Furriers carry their goods to town both summer and winter, for winter here is fairly warm.

I was told that before the Revolution there was a number of wealthy people here, but I find it hard to believe. The ruins of their houses, which were destroyed in the civil war, were shown me, and their remains looked very tasteless and pretentious. Ostentatiousness seemed to be the quality most esteemed in their architecture. But the occupants have now fled and live in foreign parts. I can believe that they dealt in caviar, but why did they build their homes in the very midst of all these fish that smell so frightfully?

There is a little park in Astrakhan with a pavilion in the middle and a rotunda in one corner. During the evening admission is charged, and as you walk there at night the smell is so overpowering that it seems in the darkness as if fish must be hanging in the trees. Movie and cabaret performances are both held in the open air, and the bands play old-time melodies. The crowds drink beer and eat a cheap kind of fried crab. There is no moment when the visitor to this city does not long to be in Baku, and does not regret that the steamer goes only three times a week.

I am so preoccupied with the thought of this steamer that I go down to the docks from which I am to sail day after to-morrow for Baku. Day after to-morrow! How far away that is. Meanwhile Kalmucks steer their boats around, and Kirghiz lead camels by the halter through the town, while caviar merchants cry their wares, and peasants lie in the open two days and nights waiting for their boat. My visit to the dock makes it so clear to me that the boat has not yet come that I find the atmosphere here even more depressing than in the centre of the town, and I try to give myself the illusion of departure by taking a ride in a droshky. These vehicles are small and dangerous. They have no back and no cover, and the horses wear long white garments

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like a Ku Klux Klansman to keep off the dust. The coachmen understand very little Russian, and hate to drive on the pavement, preferring sandy streets because the horse is dressed for them. If the occupant of the carriage wears a dark suit, he returns from the ride clad in silver. If he wears white clothes, they turn dark gray. People who are properly dressed for Astrakhan wear long dusters with hats just like the horses. In the dimly lighted night hours you see men like ghosts, and ghostly horses.

In Astrakhan the people do not think much of universities, libraries, clubs, and theatres. Under swinging lamps they eat fruit and almond paste of an evening. I prayed for rain to lay the dust, and on the next day God sent a cloudburst. The floor of my hotel room, which was usually covered with dust, now got so soaked that I could hardly walk on it. I had not prayed for so much rain. Thunder roared and lightning flashed. Streets could no longer be discerned in the general confusion. Droshkies careened through the mud, throwing great lumps of clay about them. The ghosts threw back their hats and showed that they had ordinary human faces. On the main street of the town two vehicles could not pass each other. One had to back slowly at least fifteen feet to let the other pass. Springs appeared out of the roads at intervals. Luckily the hotel, the post office, and the pastry cook's were all on the only street that is worthy of the name.

While I was in Astrakhan the pastry cook's seemed to me the most important institution in town. It was run by a Polish family who had been driven here from their home in Czenstochowa by inexorable fate. I described to the lady of the family the clothes that people were wearing in Warsaw at that time, and also had a good deal to say to her about Polish politics. People thought in Astrakhan that a war between Poland, Russia, and Germany was in the making — an illusion I quickly dispelled. In Astrakhan I played the rôle of quite an entertaining gossip.

Had it not been for this pastry cook's shop I could not have worked, for coffee is the best inspiration for writing in the world. I was, however, intensely irritated by the number of flies that swarmed everywhere, morning, noon, and night. It is flies, not fish, that compose ninety-eight per cent of the fauna of Astrakhan. They are absolutely useless; no one likes them and they like everybody. They cover the food, sugar, windowpanes, porcelain ware, bushes, trees, and tablecloths on which the human eye can discern no nourishment whatever. On the white shirts that most people wear flies sit for two hours at a time. They have no nerves, these Astrakhan flies; they are as passive as cats, and their only enemy is in the insect world. This is the spider.

I was surprised and sorry that there were so few of these intelligent creatures in Astrakhan, where they could be so useful to the people. It is true that eight spiders lived in my room, and these peaceful, wise insects watched over me in the most friendly way during the night. In the daytime they slept, but at twilight they rushed to their posts, the two largest and most formidable taking positions near the lamp. Long and patiently they gazed at the unsuspecting flies, hanging with their slender legs to their gossamer webs. These eight insects spun circular webs on little projecting splinters in the wall. They worked hard and imaginatively; and how rich was their harvest! Thousands of flies buzzed in my room, and I wished that I had twenty thousand spiders here — an army of spiders. If I stayed in Astrakhan I would devote

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all my attention to spiders and not to caviar.

But the men in Astrakhan do not give much thought to the matter. They hardly notice the flies at all, and do not raise their hand against these murderous insects, who walk all over their bread, meat, and fruit — yes, and on their beards and faces too. And all the while the people laugh unconcernedly. My friends at the pastry cook's had given up any attempt to keep out the flies; they did not close their glass cases full of chocolate and sugar. But nobody cared. It seemed to me that the introduction of American fly paper, one of the surest signs of culture, would be a humanitarian project in Astrakhan, but there is not one shred of this costly yellow material in the whole city. I asked at the pastry cook's why they have no fly paper. They said: 'Ah, if you had seen Astrakhan before the war, or just two months before the Revolution!' The hotel-keeper and the pastry cook both said this, and they offered only passive resistance to the flies. Some day these little creatures will eat up the whole city — fish, caviar, and all.

Flies take the place of beggars in Astrakhan, and people give them more than they do beggars in any other town. They go everywhere, buzzing their dreary refrain in street and beer garden. A man gives me a kopeck in change, and there is even a fly on the kopeck. Of all the wonders in Astrakhan, the flies are the most astonishing.

THAT MAN SHAW

BY MAURICE MURET AND K. A. WITTFOGEL

I. A DISGRACE TO THE THEATRE[1]

Our epoch is rich in intellectual phenomena that are hard to understand, but what has always puzzled me most has been the success of Bernard Shaw on the Continental stage. I am frankly bored with those dramas that have nothing really dramatic about them, with those comedies where the comical element is so inferior that you are disgusted with yourself for getting any pleasure out of them at all. Bernard Shaw's theatrical success has always seemed to me a matter of enormous and irritating bluff. That is why I read with no little satisfaction the rude pamphlet by an esteemed German author, Herbert Eulenberg, called *Gegen Shaw*, in which this imitation-great man is exposed with bitter sincerity. My only regret is that this critical study, severe and just as it is, should be the work of a German and not of a French author.

The indulgence of a certain part of the French public toward the pseudo apostle, pseudo reformer, and pseudo poet Bernard Shaw is incomprehensible. The friendship of a public that can fairly be called one of the most enlightened in the world is unnatural,

[1] From *Journal des Débats* (Paris Conservative daily), *October* 1

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and bears witness to the wit of this false and pretentious idol-smasher. Yes, the European cult of Bernard Shaw is sad testimony to the frightful shame to which the Muse has sunk. What a fall she has taken since the eighteenth century! You have only to read Diderot's analysis of the state of mind of audiences in his day — a day that passed as frivolous — to understand this. People then, as now, wanted to be stirred or amused, but they also demanded elevated, noble sentiments. Though Diderot had a feeling for cynicism, he insisted that a sense of virtue be present too. His contemporaries did not wish to suffer the embarrassment of blushing at the kind of morals then being proclaimed. They were epicures of virtue, heroism, and sacrifice. Perhaps, to tell the truth, Diderot exaggerates the integrity and sentiment of theatrical audiences in the eighteenth century, for he is trying to justify a dramatic work that happened to appeal to him. Anyhow, he ascribes these qualities to the people of his day. The decadent mob tastes of the semi-literate people who crowd modern theatre lobbies did not figure very much then, and I agree with Mr. Eulenberg that the most striking indication of contemporary bad taste is the admiration that Shaw's dramatic work inspires in certain quarters.

I hold that Mr. Eulenberg is right in accusing Bernard Shaw of having sullied, traduced, and belittled everything he has laid his hands on. In the title, *Arms and the Man*, he parodies the *Æneid*, and in the play itself he tries to ridicule heroism with an ineffectiveness that is only equaled by the unworthiness of its purpose. I remember having witnessed a performance of *Arms and the Man* at Coblenz in 1920 by a group of English amateurs. Nothing could be more painful, offensive, or incomprehensible than the bursts of laughter with which the audience greeted the antimilitary sallies with which the play is filled. It was particularly inappropriate after everything that had happened in the past few years — after so many admirable examples of unselfishness, patriotism, and generous willingness to give everything for the common good. I was shocked and amazed to find that no one there agreed with me.

Had Mr. Herbert Eulenberg been present in the theatre, I should not, however, have been alone. 'It can be said,' observes this German critic, 'that a satirist has rarely shot his arrows wider of the mark than Bernard Shaw. No writer has ever been more cruelly refuted by his time than this exponent of mediocrity and cowardice.'

We owe to an illustrious Englishman, Thomas Carlyle, some of the most nobly philosophic pages that the great spectacle of human destiny has ever inspired. The hateful dramas and unpleasant comedies of an Irish Thersites, written in the same language, reek with the feelings that the spectacle of great men and great deeds inspires in his perverse soul. What a mess of platitudes *Cæsar and Cleopatra* is, and how justly Mr. Eulenberg observes that the only defense worth listening to of the play is based on the fact that it is an imitation of that Shakespeare whom Bernard Shaw affects to detest. It is easy to understand why an English author, even an English-Irishman, speaks of Napoleon with little enthusiasm. Before the war a few first-rate Englishmen forced themselves to pass a fair judgment on this terrible but loyal traducer of their country's name. One recalls Lord Roseberry's judicious volume, *The Last Phase*. It would be too much to ask Mr. Shaw to appraise feelings that he is incapable of conceiving, but has n't he exceeded the limits of buffoonery in his *Man of Destiny*,

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which was played last winter in Paris?

Bernard Shaw boasts of being able to reveal in their true light great historical figures that have been falsified by adoration and fetishism, but he is showing no respect for history when he depicts the youthful Bonaparte as a dirty glutton. It is flatly untrue to make this character say, 'There is only one universal instinct — fear.' In his eagerness to demolish Napoleon, Bernard Shaw even goes so far as to cast aspersions on his military victories. The hero of Lodi is not Bonaparte, but a horse who 'by pure chance' discovered the ford over the river Adda through which the French crossed. I am compelled to admit that the presentation of this play is always an enormous success. The modern public dies with laughter when a great memory is outraged — a fact that does not speak well for its tastes and enthusiasms. I have always laughed my head off at *La Belle Hélène* because the piece is frankly a farce. I am tempted to cry out 'Stop!' only when an author who claims to show me a super Julius Cæsar merely gives me an inferior Belle Hélène.

In one of his insupportable prefaces this insupportable writer said, 'Most poets before me had no exact conception of the world.' The exact conception of the world entertained by Mr. Shaw is the Socialist conception, but Mr. Shaw has always been careful not to hurt his public's feelings. He finds it easy to ravish the lower-middle-class audiences who listen and applaud him, hooting at the idea of heroism and trampling the heroic conception of life underfoot. Needless to say, these petty bourgeois are no Bolsheviki; they hang on to their property. Bernard Shaw, too, in his supposedly Socialistic and revolutionary plays, takes care not to go too far. He has an extraordinary flair for subversive paradox, which his public swallows without gagging. Mr. Bernard Shaw has for a long time been a member of the Fabian Society — a Socialist club which tolerates only a rose-water kind of Socialism and makes you feel as if you were in a train which you could leave whenever the locomotive decided to take the throttle in its own hands. What a prudent revolutionary Bernard Shaw is! And never did he prove it more completely than during the war. His whole past committed him to antimilitarism and pacifism. He conformed to his past, true enough; but how carefully he avoided making any statement that would get him into trouble with the police of his country!

Let Mr. Eulenberg speak. His opinion needs no retouching, and it does the job thoroughly. 'Bernard Shaw,' he declares, 'plays with England as a child plays with a toy bear. If he pulls its ears a little too hard from time to time, as Androcles did with his lion, it is because he is well aware that no harm will come to him. Is n't he allowed to play as freely as any other buffoon? His declarations concerning and against the war, even when his Irish compatriot, Sir Roger Casement, was shot, were full of that prudence and reserve peculiar to college girls with secret pacifistic yearnings. In all his plays dealing with England Bernard Shaw has been able to wash his toy bear without seriously wetting or even irritating it.'

Well put. Bernard Shaw may indeed touch up his countrymen now and then, but he has no desire to take a chance of getting into fights where he may receive real punishment. He is like the hero of an amusing sketch by Courteline, called *La Peur des coups*. He attacks only people who he knows cannot fight back. The blind but genuine fanaticism of that Tolstoi who thought he could not sacrifice enough

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to his principles even if he died for them is not to be found in Bernard Shaw. His Socialism is only a mask, or rather a signboard. Flaubert defined the bourgeois as *un homme qui pense bassement*. How many spirits that think they are free are mere bourgeois in the sense in which Flaubert used the word! If this writer came to life to-day and rewrote *Madame Bovary*, he would make M. Homais speak like the author of *Man and Superman*.

II. THE CLOWN OF THE BOURGEOISIE [2]

THE English dramatist and pamphleteer, Bernard Shaw, is no revolutionary Marxian. He was one of the founders, and has long been a member, of the Socialist Fabian Society, which is named after a Roman noble who gained his ends by foresight and not by force. Recently Shaw has turned his back on the revolutionary methods of Communism because he thinks they are a tactical error. For the theories as well as the practice of Marxian Communism Shaw has little use. In his youth he was a disciple of Marx, but that was long ago. To-day his confused ideas of the Marxian theory do not prevent him from condemning it in the most energetic fashion.

Like many social reformers who have nothing against Socialism provided it comes a hundred years after their death, Shaw calls himself a Socialist. But what kind of Socialist is he? In his dramatic cycle, *Back to Methuselah*, the author introduces a Socialist who espouses alleged Socialist doctrines but clings fast to the good old manners and customs of bourgeois society. He makes the point that bourgeois manners may be snobbish manners, and there may be very little pleasure in them, but they are at least better than no manners at all; while bourgeois honor may be false, but at least it exists. This is bourgeois Socialism, 'honest' Socialism.

Doubtless this is only one side of the English writer's political-artistic personality. In a great deal of his other writing we see him in another light. Shaw is the last bourgeois. He recognizes and hastens on its way the collapse of bourgeois capitalist society. This is his political as well as literary significance.

Lenin, who was well acquainted with Shaw's Fabian tendencies, described this Englishman — or rather, this English-Irishman — as an honest fellow surrounded by hypocrites, as a reformer who stood much further to the Left than those around him. The truth is that no reformer has seen the weak points of bourgeois society and pilloried them as Shaw has. Although connected in a thousand different ways with the present capitalist world, Shaw sees the revolutionary tendencies and recognizes that the culture and ideals of bourgeois society no longer have any meaning. The only 'truth' of the bourgeoisie is a lie. Bourgeois ideology, once so strong, is now weary and doddering. This ideology must be scrapped and its hollowness exposed. Shaw is the most persistent destroyer of the bourgeois ideals of our time. In his Socialist comedies he knocks down the structure of our bourgeois idealist from every side.

In *Man and Superman* the young 'idealist' sees his chauffeur, streaming with sweat, repairing his automobile, and says to him: 'I'm a great believer in the dignity of labor.' This remark does not make the least impression on the chauffeur, who answers coldbloodedly: 'That's because you have never worked yourself, sir. My object in life is to avoid work.'

For the dignity of labor, as honored

[2] From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), *October* 17

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by capitalism, Shaw has no use whatever; nor has he any use for the dignity of the bourgeois, who, in his opinion, is simply a protected thief. The Spanish robber chieftain, Mendoza, in *Man and Superman*, addresses the rich Englishman Tanner in these words: 'Permit me to present myself — Mendoza, Chief of the Sierra bandits. I am a robber. I live by robbing the rich.' Tanner at once replies: 'I am a gentleman; I live by robbing the poor. Shake hands.' The essence of bourgeois society is revealed here in a brilliant flash.

But the gentleman is not only a robber; he is also a hypocrite and a distrustful creature. 'I have the scruples of a gentleman,' says Edstaston in *Catherine the Great.* The Russian gentleman, his partner, does not understand this. 'In Russia a gentleman has no scruples. In Russia we look facts in the eye.' Edstaston then answers: 'In England, Prince, an Englishman never looks a fact in the eye if it is an unpleasant fact.'

On this basis Shaw is himself no gentleman. It has often been remarked of him that he has a great attachment for the unpleasant facts of bourgeois society, which reduces everything to merchandise. In this way the real significance of things becomes doubly twisted. Take the doctor, for instance. Under capitalism he sells his skill in the greatest possible amounts, at the highest possible price. Shaw puts it this way: —

'I cannot knock my shins severely without forcing on some surgeon the difficult question: "Could I not make better use of a pocketful of guineas than this man is making of his leg? Could he not write as well — or even better — on one leg as on two? And the guineas would make all the difference in the world to me just now. My wife . . . my pretty ones . . . the leg may mortify . . . it is always safer to operate . . . he will be well in a fortnight . . . artificial legs are now so well made that they are really better than natural ones . . . evolution is toward motors and leglessness" — and so on, and so on.'

This schism at the very basis of capitalist society can only lead, as Shaw so well shows, to the socialization of the doctor's profession. Until that time the doctor's profession will remain of necessity exactly the opposite of what it ought to be, 'a conspiracy based on human credulity and human suffering.'

How easily the veneer of bourgeois culture can be laid on to any poor devil if he only has the courage, Shaw has shown us in *Pygmalion* and elsewhere. All this one can read in Shaw's books or see on the stage. There are only two points of political significance that Shaw touches on, and these are the rôle of religion in society and the problem of power. Both are to be found in the Salvation Army play, *Major Barbara*, where the author comes to a revolutionary solution of his problem: —

UNDERSHAFT. You shall see. All religious organizations exist by selling themselves to the rich.

CUSINS. Not the Army. That is the Church of the poor.

UNDERSHAFT. All the more reason for buying it.

CUSINS. I don't think you quite know what the Army does for the poor.

UNDERSHAFT. Oh, yes, I do. It draws their teeth: that is enough for me — as a man of business —

CUSINS. Nonsense. It makes them sober —

UNDERSHAFT. I prefer sober workmen. The profits are larger.

CUSINS. — honest —

UNDERSHAFT. Honest workmen are the most economical.

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CUSINS. — attached to their homes —

UNDERSHAFT. So much the better: they will put up with anything sooner than change their shop.

CUSINS. — happy —

UNDERSHAFT. An invaluable safeguard against revolution.

CUSINS. — unselfish —

UNDERSHAFT. Indifferent to their own interests, which suits me exactly.

CUSINS. — with their thoughts on heavenly things —

UNDERSHAFT (*rising*). And not on Trade-Unionism or Socialism. Excellent.

At the end of the play the problem of power is discussed. Spiritual power, which appeals so much to Bernard Shaw's reformist friends, is not enough; material power must be there too. Professor Cusins speaks again: —

CUSINS. As a teacher of Greek I gave the intellectual man weapons against the common man. I now want to give the common man weapons against the intellectual man. I love the common people. I want to arm them against the lawyer, the doctor, the priest, the literary man, the professor, the artist, and the politician, who, once in authority, are the most dangerous, disastrous, and tyrannical of all the fools, rascals, and imposters. I want a democratic power strong enough to force the intellectual oligarchy to use its genius for the general good or else perish.

BARBARA. Is there no higher power than that (*pointing to the shell*)?

CUSINS. Yes, but that power can destroy the higher powers just as a tiger can destroy a man: therefore man must master that power first. I admitted this when the Turks and Greeks were last at war. My best pupil went out to fight for Hellas. My parting gift to him was not a copy of Plato's *Republic*, but a revolver and a hundred Undershaft cartridges. The blood of every Turk he shot — if he shot any — is on my head as well as on Undershafts'.

Let all Socialist pacifists take note of this statement of Shaw's; let all those who believe that the victory of Socialism can be achieved only by spiritual force write this lesson in their book of faith.

A great many people are bound to ask how it is possible for this man, coddled by the bourgeoisie and writing for bourgeois theatres, to speak the truth so frankly. The answer is that Shaw is a writer of comedies, and that he can therefore say a great deal that is unconventional. He is like the fool in Shakespeare's theatre; under the protection of his cap and bells this character could say things for which any ordinary man would have had his head chopped off. It is the same with Charlie Chaplin's social satire: the destructive, antibourgeois effect of both Chaplin's and Shaw's best work is almost unnoticed.

We approach our conclusion. Shaw is the Shakespearian fool of the last period of bourgeois culture, but, as Lenin said, Shaw is one thing for the bourgeoisie and something quite different for the revolution. We could put this statement of Lenin's in more concrete form: Shaw is part of the bourgeoisie, yet its worst enemy. His destruction of bourgeois ideology weakens the moral authority of the ruling class.

It is comparatively unimportant whether or not Shaw 'wills' the proletarian revolution. The great French philosophers of the eighteenth century did not will the French Revolution. They were nevertheless important forces of spiritual destruction that heralded the forthcoming social change.

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'THE PEARL OF INDIA'[1]

BY ALEXANDER KUPRIN

'Mr. Charlie,' I said, turning to the old bareback rider with whom we drank a glass of beer every evening, 'you must have had many interesting experiences in your career with the circus. What do you regard as the most extraordinary of them all? I know that you feel that fate plays no part in life. How often were you saved from an accident by a hair's breadth! And yet when people ask you how you came through you always answer that your foot caught in a loop, or that you fell on a soft rug, or that your runaway horse suddenly stopped! But is it possible that out of all your experiences you cannot remember one in which fate — or, if you please, human foresight — played some part? I am speaking only of your life as a circus performer. Surely such people must sometimes have extraordinary experiences in which we are compelled to believe — some unexpected link in the chain of life, some nameless intuition, or some prophetic dream. Or perhaps it would take the form of a curious attraction between two human souls? Do you understand me, Mr. Charlie?'

Mr. Charlie was the oldest riding master in our local circus. He busied himself with instructing young performers, supervising children, and helping the ringmaster train horses. Now and then, when the programme needed to be filled out, he was called on to appear in the last act, and the poor fat, gray-haired fellow, wearing a red jersey, and with his hair, which was usually carefully parted, flying in the wind, would leap from the back of a galloping horse. It was a wonder that he did not break his neck as he fell on the sand of the ring, while the audience howled with laughter. But it is more than twenty years — and the old fellow has shown me clippings from newspapers to prove it — since there was no rider in Europe so fearless and gracious as Mr. Charlie. His 'numbers' are still considered the finest feats of gymnastic horseback riding ever performed. Mr. Charlie loves to talk of this wonderful far-off time, especially when we are spending a winter evening together in the beer-room by the circus, drinking and smoking — I with cigarettes, and he with an Austrian cigar, long, black, and incredibly strong.

'I understand you, all right,' replied Mr. Charlie, 'but it is hard, you see, for me to explain it to you. We circus folk do not take much stock in fate. We take so many chances every evening, our nerves are stretched to such a point, and such demands are made upon our strength and skill, that we are very unwilling to believe in anything but ourselves, and are inclined to put our hopes in our own abilities. So it seems as if there were no instances that would be apt to interest you. But I do remember one occurrence in which fate, in the person of an elephant named Lolly, did play a part. What an enormous animal that was! Yes, I 'll tell you about it if you like.'

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna Liberal daily), *September* 25

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I showed that I was more than eager to listen, and ordered two large beers.

It happened in 1891, when I was connected with Paoli's renowned circus that traveled through Hungary and played in many little towns. Our troupe included every nationality under the sun. It was a motley assortment, but an impressive one. All were performers of the first water — fearless and able, real artists. The public took us to its heart, and our performances were always sold out. In Erlau we were joined by a troupe of five elephants and their mysterious trainer. He was billed on the posters as Enrico, but this was not his real name. What he was actually called and what his origin was no one knew. It was evident that some kind of Arab or Negro blood flowed in his veins. He was a tall man, unusually strong and silent. He always looked straight before him. His attitude toward men and beasts was gruff, and he did not know the meaning of danger. His dark handsome face and his big motionless dark eyes were evil and bestial. Without giving much thought to the matter, I had always imagined that something horrible must be secreted in the depths of this man's soul, that he would stand by nobody, and perhaps that his past concealed some bloody deed. No one in our troupe was considered worthy of his conversation, and we even avoided being near him. His elephants hated him as much as these large-spirited, patient, and occasionally revengeful animals are able to hate anything. Enrico comported himself so fearlessly during his performance that we were never sure whether he would come out of the arena alive. He beat his charges mercilessly over the head and trunk if they made the least mistake. It was extraordinary to see the terror of these giants in face of the illtreatment of their trainer.

Our director, however, esteemed Enrico highly, because his elephants always brought the greatest applause. The public was particularly enthusiastic about a pantomime called 'The Pearl of India.' I do not remember how it all went now, but I do recall that it dealt with a rajah's son who was in love with a foreign princess condemned to death. The last scene of this pantomime was enacted on a square crowded with people. Warriors dragged in the Indian princess in fetters, and behind them came Enrico in the rôle of executioner, with Lolly, his largest elephant. The Indian girl was laid on the ground, and at the command of the executioner the elephant lifted one foot over the breast of the girl and was about to crush her beneath it when the son of the Rajah suddenly appeared on the stage and ordered the affair to be stopped. At this moment a ballet ran in and with dance and frolic celebrated the betrothal of the Prince and the Princess. The Indian girl in this pantomime was always played by Mademoiselle Lorenzita, the star of our troupe. Old-timers still remember her name. She was a fine horseback rider, and a woman of unusual beauty. Her mother was from Russian Poland and her father was Italian. Lorenzita combined the charms of both nationalities. Her fearlessness knew no bounds, and she thought no more of life than she did of yesterday. When she mounted her black stallion Vulcan, a wild creature that would allow no one but his mistress on the saddle, and galloped wildly about the arena, the public almost died of fear and delight. She was never afraid of an accident, and no mishap disturbed her coolness. Performers of to-day do not understand how to jump off their horses. In those days we jumped on and off our

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steeds with wide leaps. No, there are no real bareback riders to-day.

But it was better in those days. I will tell you what happened to Lorenzita. When she was employed in a circus at Budapest a tiger once escaped from its cage during the last act. The audience was in a panic. Shouts and cries for help rent the air. Many of the performers lost their heads from terror and jammed the exits. Lorenzita's act had been over for some time, and she was watching the performance from the side of the stage. In a twinkling she leaped into the arena and astounded the animal by striking it with her whip in blows that fell like lightning. The animal withdrew in fear and bewilderment. At the same time the trainer succeeded in throwing a rope around its neck, and with the help of several other performers dragged it back into its cage. Everything happened so quickly — it took less time than it takes to tell — that we had hardly recovered from our terror when the tiger was locked fast in his cage again, biting the bars.

What a woman Lorenzita was! Would you like to hear something more about her? Her life was full of all kinds of adventures such as are often told about in those novels that so misrepresent life in our circuses.

The most brilliant period of her life was her marriage to an Austrian banker, Count S——. She ran through two million guldens of his money in a single year; but in spite of all his wealth she left him one fine day and took up with the crazy proprietor of a dog theatre — a drunken old man whom she loved, but who, so they say, was consistently unfaithful to her, and beat her with a strap whenever he came home drunk. She died at twenty-eight of galloping consumption, in the Petrograd hospital.

But Lorenzita had her share of suitors, all right. Yet her first love was not a rich old man or a titled hero, but another circus performer.

You will perhaps not believe me when I tell you that at one time I had no rival in my line; but it is so. I was equally good on the horizontal bar, on the trapeze, and in death-defying feats; but my best trick was leaping from the ground to a horse's back, and no one since has ever been able to do it as I could.

In short, there was a time when I was not ugly as I am now, but well-built, brave, and strong. I still have a package of faded letters from my admirers, and some rings and souvenirs of benefit days. But *brisons!* In a word, it was hardly surprising that Lorenzita considered me worthy of her. Our affair began of its own accord. I used to hold her little foot as she mounted her saddle, release balloons and ribbons for her as she rode, and give her bouquets of flowers. One time, when she was clothed in a long Arabian mantle, we met behind the scenes, and knew that we loved each other. She told me that she had already been in love with me for some time. That was the best period of my life. She was a delightful and attractive girl, the truest friend that a man could have. It seemed that my pleasure was infinite.

Life was a cheerful affair in those days. The public loved us, and the director esteemed us and paid us a big salary. We lived economically and laid aside money in the hope of being able to have a circus of our own some day in a tent — a *chapiteau*, as we call it in our profession.

One evening as we were going home it seemed to me that Lorenzita was more anxious than usual, as if something had gone wrong. I asked her what the matter was, and she told me angrily that during my act, while she

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was looking at me from behind the scenes, this wretched Enrico had come up behind her and put his arm around her. 'I had noticed him casting eyes at me before,' said Lorenzita, 'but I attached no importance to it. It seems that this great ox has a tenderness for me.'

I was furious, and wanted to go to Enrico's house at once and hit him in the jaw, but Lorenzita threw her arms around my neck and begged me to avoid doing anything that would be likely to put us in bad odor. I was persuaded by her wiles, but determined to watch Enrico carefully henceforth.

All went well for two weeks, and I noticed nothing unusual. Lorenzita and I had already forgotten Enrico when an unheard-of and terrible thing happened.

I must tell you that Lorenzita was devoted to the huge elephant Lolly. Every morning at rehearsal, before Enrico came to the circus, she ran to her pet — he was separated from the other elephants — and gave him cakes, jelly, and sugar. She cleaned out the whole buffet for him. She did not like the sweets which her innumerable admirers gave her, but deemed them good enough for Lolly. She used to spend a full hour with her friend, petting him and calling him a thousand affectionate names — 'Lolly, my love, my pussy, my little bird.' And it was plain to see that this 'little bird,' twelve feet high and weighing three tons, adored Lorenzita. When he heard her light footsteps coming the elephant would give cries of joy and blow through his trunk like a trumpet. He would rub his trunk on Lorenzita's hand and stroke her face with it.

One day as she was going in to see the elephant, Lorenzita was surprised to find Enrico there teaching Lolly a new trick. At the whistle of his trainer the elephant stood up on his hind legs and remained in this position until Enrico gave him a light tap with his whip. Then the giant let fall the full weight of his huge body on his forefeet. He did this two or three times. Lorenzita watched the performance unobserved. Suddenly Enrico discovered her near at hand, turned about, and walked over to her quickly.

'Ah, you 've come at last,' he cried, grasping her hand. Seeing that she wanted to escape, he threw both arms around her and kissed her. Lorenzita twisted about angrily, grabbed the whip out of his hand, and struck him across the face with it. As she tried to run out through the door into the hallway, Enrico seized her again and held her fast at the entrance of the arena. Lorenzita screamed with pain.

As soon as I heard her cry — I was practising a breakneck jump from the saddle at the time — I leaped to the ground and rushed behind the scenes. When I saw my girl in Enrico's embrace, I plunged forward and hit him on the jaw, and we both fell in a tangle. He was four times as powerful as I, but anger had endowed me with terrific strength. I do not remember what I did to him, but when we were finally pried apart we were both streaming with blood.

Nevertheless, that evening all three of us took part in the performance, having painted up our faces and smeared them with cold cream. Such are the customs of the circus. At first all went well. Enrico and I encountered each other in the corridor and passed without exchanging glances, though our fists were clenched tight and our jaws set firm. It seemed to me, though, that unholy laughter was playing across his face.

'The Pearl of India' began. I played the part of the Rajah's son, Lorenzita was the imprisoned Indian girl, and Enrico as usual was the executioner.

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The last scene commenced. I stood behind the curtain at the entrance and saw everything that went on. Soldiers dragged Lorenzita in behind them. As they laid her on the red carpet she saw me behind the curtain, and smiled.

To the strains of a funeral march, Enrico, the executioner, strode into the arena, with the gigantic, ponderous Lolly behind him. The elephant was hardly a step from my girl when he recognized her and stretched out his long trunk to stroke her face.

The music played and the conductor waved his arms. At this moment came the shrill blast from Enrico's whistle. The elephant stood on his hind legs and raised the front of his body over Lorenzita. Enrico bent down to her and asked her something. She shook her head.

An unaccustomed silence fell upon the audience, and in that silence I heard the light crack of Enrico's whip on the back of his elephant. The creature quivered all over, and it seemed that in the next moment he would crush the outstretched body of Lorenzita. Enrico hit him with his whip again harder than before.

I noticed Enrico's contorted face, and saw that he wanted to crush my girl under the forelegs of the mighty beast, but before I could run to her assistance something extraordinary happened. The elephant suddenly forgot his obedience to his master. He let himself carefully down on all four knees without touching Lorenzita, who lay quietly between his legs. Enrico then exerted all his strength in beating the elephant's trunk to make him lie down still further. The elephant did not obey. 'Enough, enough!' cried the excited audience.

Enrico then made use of an infallible device: he stuck a long nail in Lolly's trunk. But at that moment he was himself caught up in the embrace of that mighty trunk, lifted into the air, and flung on to the sand of the arena, where he lay unconscious. The next day he came to.

'What happened to Lorenzita then?' I asked Mr. Charlie as he grimly pronounced these last words.

He was silent for a long time, and began to whistle a march before he replied in a gloomy voice: 'All women are alike, sir, because they are all impenetrable. What happened to mine? In a month she left me with that rascal Enrico!'

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SOME STORY[1]

BY ARCHIBALD Y. CAMPBELL

My views on the subject of novels — that is, stories — are such as I may not often voice, for when I do my friends protest against them. Both my taste and my reading, it would appear, are lamentably behind the times. The former I am prepared if necessary to defend, and that by argument — which is, in despite of proverbs, the only thing you can do with tastes. As for the latter, I am trying in odd moments to improve it, and I have been reading recently, and with relish, a story which is certainly not older than the year 1925; I mean B.C. It is therefore very much later than *The Flood*. When *The Flood* was first published is not, I understand, yet known; but even the earliest edition of it which has reached our own day was in circulation well before 2000; I mean, again, B.C. It was all the rage in Babylonia; and one has only to acquire a little facility in Sumerian to be able to skim this version itself. Few modern novels can show such a record as this famous work. It sold like wildfire in Egypt in the fifteenth century (B.C.), as the Tell-el-Amarna discoveries showed. It was highly popular in Assyria, and in comparatively recent times Assurbanipal (seventh century B.C.) had a copy made for the Royal Library, in a charming cuneiform. Most people nowadays read it in a latter-day adaptation by Moses, at which — as also at some still later versions — I can claim to have glanced.

[1] From the *London Mercury* (literary monthly), *October*

I liked *The Flood*. Speaking generally, and without specifying any particular edition out of those just mentioned, I thought it showed marked ability. All that about the animals provided a strong sex interest; though I was a little surprised that the author had hampered his narrative by refusing to admit a third of any species, thus confining himself to legitimate unions. It may be, of course, that he was reacting against the eternal triangle. At the same time, quite apart from that, *The Flood*, one cannot but feel, dates. It suffers conspicuously from that tendency to point a moral which literature had not altogether shaken off even in the third (B.C.) millennium. *The Flood* is getting at me, and it makes me feel uncomfortable.

Moreover, now that we have discovered that there actually was such a deluge, *The Flood* must be placed in the subordinate category of historical novels. I turn therefore to the more modern work above referred to, which I think will be generally admitted to contain an element of imagination. It comes to us from that rococo people the Egyptians, and those who make a point of being up to date in these matters may read it in G. Maspero's *Les Contes Populaires de l'Égypte Ancienne*, fourth edition (1923 — I mean A.D.), pages 1 and following. We are shown a man in humble circumstances, who is much worried about his heart. A bit Russian, you may think; but wait a moment. Deciding that this organ can never be altogether

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secure within him,—even the moderns have heard of 'floating kidney,'—Bata deposits it in the inmost branches of an acacia tree. At the same time he presents a brother of his with a pot of ale, warranted to froth whenever he (the donor) is in danger. 'Pooh, pooh,' you think—'telepathy'; but just wait again. His wife meanwhile, I need hardly say, has become another man's mistress, her patron being no less a person than the then ruling Pharaoh. This formidable woman gives orders for the acacia to be felled, and Bata, for the first time in his life, dies. The beer is up; and here, I admit, is a slight flaw; either beer or brother is not quite smart enough. The brother, however, sets out to seek Bata, finds the dead body, and later, after considerable trouble, the heart, which he puts into water and causes the corpse to imbibe. Well, you know what even we can do with glands. Artificial respiration succeeds; Bata, resuming the thread of life, becomes a bull, and, as the sacred Apis, is conducted to Court.

I cannot too much admire the originality and ingenuity of the device by which an accidental reunion of two characters — that eternal problem of the novelist — is here effected, and made absolutely convincing by its dependence upon a local institution. Something in the consecrated quadruped's behavior strikes the guilty woman as familiar, and she speeds the arrangements for its sacrifice; at which, however, drops of its blood, bespattering the soil, grow into a pair of trees; and these, too human to resist the temptation to triumph, remark, 'I am Bata.' They should have said 'we,' but that is a small point. Bata pays for this imprudence by being felled for the second and (of course, also) third time; but two chips of him fly into the unscrupulous woman's mouth, and in due course she becomes pregnant; her son, who, I need hardly say, is still Bata, is born, rather late in life perhaps, and too repeatedly defunct to make a wholly attractive baby. But what of that? He is the heir apparent, he presently ascends the throne, reveals himself, and executes his faithless consort, who, being devoid of virtue, dies, naturally, for good and all.

Now I call that a clever story. I would not perhaps defend it upon all grounds, but I maintain that it is not only more interesting, but, as I shall shortly show, more elevating, than the more strictly contemporary novels which so many of my friends extol. It combines some ingredients that these have with a great many which they have not. You cannot, as with so many of these you can, see each step coming; consequently excitement is well maintained. And, of negative merits, it has one still greater. There are few things I am more tired of than the unrelieved — I do not care how lifelike — portrayal of human foibles and vices. Now, you cannot put your finger upon every episode in *this* story and exclaim, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I!' At the same time, it is not by any means devoid of realism. For instance, the wife is unfaithful; and that is very true to life, as undergraduates say.

Let no one suppose that we have not among us at this present day a body of expert reviewers engaged in studying the technique of the novels of that and other 'primitive' schools. These critics, archæologists as they are sometimes called, follow a mode of journalism that is seldom lucrative, and it is obvious that their true motive must be the hope that they may some day themselves succeed in this ambitious genre. Except for the author of that famous modern romance, *The Golden Bough*, I know of none who has ever

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reached this stage; and that in itself is powerful testimony to the skill of those deceased story-tellers.

A critique of *Bata* by a Swedish writer which has just been published declares that 'the date of this tale — it is found in a record from the middle of the second millennium B.C. — has brought about a revolution in our conception of the history of the folk tale, the extent of which can hardly be exaggerated.' That is to say that as the sensation *of to-day*, even, the author of *Bata* beats Miss Margaret Kennedy; circulation is one thing, revolution (in spite of etymologies) another. Dr. Nilsson, who, as his duty was, has retailed the plot of this story without a single twinkle, a feat surely of some endurance — Dr. Nilsson rightly detects in this earliest of purely secular romances every single one of the characteristic motifs of the primitive story: 'the separable or external soul, the life-tokens, the migration of souls, and the miraculous birth'; he might have added rejuvenation.

But there is no limit to the superstitions of modern skepticism; I know there are many nowadays who have no idea that such a thing as the separable or external soul exists! Let me, instead of formally justifying the older doctrine, draw attention to just one subtle point in the characterization of Madam Bata; she does not in the first instance assail her husband directly, but *finds out what his heart is in* and then makes an attack on that. Is it not precisely so that the experienced among men distinguish between those of their enemies who are as harmless as the rattlesnake while he is rattling, and those against whom they must immediately counterplot?

But it is not, indeed, for any such excellences of detail that I would commend this story to the attention of novel-readers. I admire it, ultimately, as a brilliantly truthful study in what has been for some decades, and evidently still is, a matter of the most absorbing interest to the modern world — the psychology of genius. Well, I have had the luck to know genius as well as the idleness to read its lives, and in my opinion the Bata of this somewhat demoded Egyptian story is a far more faithful picture of it than is, for example, Lewis Dodd of *The Constant Nymph*. This latter work is not without its merits, but there are things in it of which I cannot approve. For one thing, much of it is well written, all of it 'nervously,' some of it even beautifully. And what a power of graphic and unhesitating description: 'A succession of serene ranges sticking up into emptiness' — there you have the Alps. I seem to remember a fair description of a concert in *Villette*, but in the course of *The Constant Nymph* you attend, see, and hear a concert, even if it is not you who describe your experiences (at that of all concerts) quite so perfectly as this: 'Music stole out like a mist into the great spaces of the building; it hung in the air before Florence, an almost visible fabric, a flowing pattern of strings cut through by the sharp notes of horns, blurring' — oh, how exactly! — 'the piled tiers of faces which went up, and up, to the dark, high gallery.' I have never been anywhere myself but in the dark, high place just named; but even there this is just how one sees the opposite one.

What a relief, again, to read nowadays of a young girl who is deeply moved by the beauty of one of those exquisite stanzas from Gray's *Elegy* (how it shines at you when quoted suddenly!) and who instinctively averts herself from a piece of characteristically blatant doggerel by the father of most modern poetry. Such things I should ordinarily regard as not merits merely,

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but rare beauties; their employment as structural decorations in a work with such a tendency as *The Constant Nymph* I can only call deplorable. For the picture of its hero is but another indulgence to one of the worst of British prejudices, the notion that genius is sensuality. Lewis Dodd, apart from his music, — and such things in novels are reported merely; we can take them upon trust only if they are borne out by sheer force of character, or at the least by some magic of personality, — is a mere mooner. It is not his ending up as criminal that one minds; that is possible enough. It is that, as one finds him act and speak, — and again I say, assertions apart, — he displays no qualities but two: he is lustful and he is ill-mannered; unless one should add that he is rather cowardly.

Put the same conception of genius into an appropriately cruder form, and you have the American variety, equally prevalent. The clearest example is the heroine of 'the great Glaspell play,' *The Verge* — reported, of course, a genius at biology, but characterized solely by vice (over which she can be tritely jocular) and rudeness of an incredibly stupid sort, surely at once the dullest and nastiest female character ever (yet) invented. It is absolutely extraordinary, and a sinister indication of the mentality of our time, that no one should have so much as noticed this. And besides, if you accept the crudity of these latest treatments, the fact is that all this harping upon the Bohemianism of Bohemians is now dreadfully old-fashioned and stale; it is at least forty years old. And that, although my friends will not have it so, is really one of the main reasons why I have enjoyed *Bata;* it is something *new;* across three dozen centuries it brings us a whole repertory of novel motifs and one dominating idea. As to this last, more in a moment; but in the meantime I must observe that if genius, as apart from its professional output, has been marked by anything, it is by a certain flow, however fitful, of animal spirits, and that, it seems now necessary to say, is not the same thing as animal appetites. The 'morals' of genius are, doubtless, not after the standard of the late Mrs. Grundy; but that is a very different matter. Great musicians have been crass egotists; yet even Wagner had his human side. Schubert was gross, but he was often happy.

The only story within my radius that it positively occurs to me to compare with *Bata* is one to which it has *prima facie* no resemblance. I read it somewhere about my eleventh birthday; and even then it may not necessarily have been quite new; it was given me, if I remember rightly, by an aunt. In *A Start in Life*, an only daughter prevailed upon her unsanguine father to commission, by way of test, a pitifully grimy ragamuffin with the purchase of certain books. The money was given him and he did not return. His drunken father had forcibly appropriated it, and the vicissitudes of that urchin in the attempt to earn the sum, preserve the list, and execute the commission, were such as I wish I had space to retail here. Two years later he presented himself — 'Please, sir, it's the books.' The father had entirely forgotten, but the daughter explained. Here again, then, is an unexpected reappearance. The conclusion was in the taste of the nineteenth century; perfunctory perhaps, but I can see no serious harm in it. I should like, if I could, to treat a similar motif with a more adult cast, and in a manner by comparison tragic. A young man conscious of parts but utterly at odds with his environment is universally and not unreasonably voted ne'er-do-weel, revolts, disappears, achieves position and

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influence, is visited with compunction, and many years afterward returns to deliver the goods, when, circumstances having entirely changed, this happens to be the last thing that is wanted. But his choice is made, and, unconscious of the effect of his actions, he remorselessly turns out a trump — to the ruination of everybody, including ultimately, of course, himself. But, as usual, the details escape me, and I shall never write that tale. There, however, is the outline of it, and I fancy that it contains a truth. For virtue and genius have at least this much in common — that, while they are sometimes devastating, they are never either supine or sordid. The anonymous author of *Bata* understood the resilience of genius. Others or himself may harry the possessor of it, and he may be downed, but he is irrepressible. Beaten in one form, he will reëmerge under another. He can even survive his own demise.

A FENLAND STREAM

BY T. THORNELY

[*London Mercury*]

I KNEW thee first when life was young,
And scorned thee for thy sauntering pace,
Called thee a singer with bridled tongue,
A runner that ever had shunned the race.

'If thou wouldst win my praise,' I said,
'And stir my heart as may native rills,
Bid the sun suck thee from thy bed,
And bear thee in storm-clouds to the hills;

'Taste there life's thrills, and rapturous leap
From crag to crag in a glory of spray,
Fling loose thy fettered song, and keep
Unsullied all thy channeled way.

'No drowsy weeds shall clog thy course,
No serried osiers wall thee round;
There live — a bright embodied force,
Linked to the very soul of sound.'

But now, too many a change I see
To wish thee other than thou art;
Thy stillness mirrors heaven for me,
And, more than music, feeds my heart.

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AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES AND FRENCH[1]

BY CLAUDE BLANCHARD

THE attraction that the automobile exercises over the masses is not the least curious social phenomenon of our modern life. It amounts to a passion, a frenzy. This reflection occurred to me last Sunday while I was walking down the Avenue des Champs Élysées near the Grand Palais, behind whose demoded exterior the products of the most modern and lively of all our industries were being displayed. In bright electric light, a crowd of people was swarming about the shiny steel bodies of innumerable vehicles. The merchants had thrown their doors open to all, to rich and poor alike, and prospective buyers were testing the cushions and caressing the upholstery of sumptuous limousines, and being shown how easily they could shift gears. Outside it was quite different. New automobiles of every make, decorated with flags and streamers, rushed up and down the Avenue, desperately trying to join the cars already parked around the sidewalks. The eyes of every visitor were burning with the same desire — namely, to have an automobile of his own.

In most cases one felt that this long-cherished hope would be realized soon, that it was not an impossible dream, that it would come true to-morrow or the day after, perhaps. The question, which is by no means new, occurred to me whether the automobile was going to enjoy a golden age of popularity like the bicycle. Is it going to become a practical, cheap vehicle available to people with moderate incomes?

The automobile show always makes us hope that some acrobatic solution of the automobile problem is about to be achieved that will recommend itself to purses of every size. The last show especially seemed another step in this direction. Let us see how far the manufacturers have succeeded, for this great annual display is the best place in the world to judge such tendencies.

In France two companies have specialized in the manufacture of a standardized series of automobiles. They alone have the vast equipment and organization necessary to fill the needs of a moderately situated clientele. The novelty they offer consists in mechanical devices that heretofore have been found only on high-priced cars, and the price they get is certainly not excessive. Considering the price one pays for a short pound of butter, manufacturers of automobiles are prodigal indeed in offering a machine of the most neat appearance for thirty-six one-thousand-franc notes, or even a little less. The interior is well carpeted, paneled with wood, and equipped with a number of watches, gauges, and indicators, while the perfectly finished exterior is beautifully proportioned. On top of all this, four-wheel brakes are a most important advance in construction.

Far be it from me to reflect on the merits of these manufacturers, whose marvelous efforts satisfy the needs of the moment for luxury and comfort,

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *October* 16

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but this idea of a series of automobiles leads us further and further away from the purely popular kind of machine that is bound to attract people whom heretofore the automobile has not been able to reach. This vulgarization of the automobile suggests an immediate comparison between the French and the American conception of manufacture. One has only to visit the latest automobile show to be convinced that there is an absolute cleavage between the two continents, in spite of the eagerness that some manufacturers certainly show to combine the advantages of both methods.

In America one has to be very poor indeed not to be able to own an automobile. Statistics show us that the number of automobiles per inhabitant is stupefying. There are states in the Union where there is one automobile to every four people. Estimating four seats per machine, which is a reasonable minimum, it can be deduced that all the inhabitants could at any given moment of the day ride on four rubber-tired wheels.

A Frenchman lately back from New York told me the following anecdote. Walking along the street one day, he noticed an endless line of automobiles along the sidewalk. Asking of a passer-by what celebration or gathering caused this crowd, he was told that a house was being built near there and that the machines were those of the masons and carpenters working on the building.

Why is it that such things are possible on one side of the ocean and not on the other? We are told that American wealth is enormous, that the necessities of life are abundant, and that the industrial organization over there has enabled standardization to reach the highest possible point of perfection. Also the lower price of gasoline has attracted a wider public to the automobile, and keeps running expenses down to a very reasonable figure. All this is true. But that is only part of the problem. There is another aspect of it — popular psychology. When an American of any class buys an automobile he chooses among a wide variety of makes the kind that corresponds exactly to his means and to his needs, and this leads him almost always to one of the cheapest and simplest models, such as America produces at the rate of thousands a day.

The American ignores the individual type. He has no desire for a machine that stands out from the rest, either in design, in luxury of equipment, or in speed. If he meets thousands of cars exactly like his on the road, he does not mind. His choice of an automobile is like his choice of a necktie, shoes, or furniture — it simply indicates his social status.

On this fact the success of the Ford is based. A certain monotony is bound to be the result of this kind of mentality, but it facilitates life amazingly, and provides the middle class with comforts unknown in the Old World. This state of mind may seem normal enough when it is a matter of cheap automobiles, but it is much more curious as reflected in the expensive cars. Even for these, American buyers show no width of choice — they buy an expensive automobile of a standard model and color; they take just what the manufacturer gives them. Thanks to the fact that standardization is pushed to the very limit, you see millionaires' automobiles that cost a small fortune and include the most subtle mechanical perfections all made alike. There is, for instance, a New York concern that makes a machine on which sixty-odd bearings are oiled with a single stroke of a pump handle.

Is this standardization, which, thanks to the meekness of the public,

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has helped the spread of the automobile in America, an unmixed benefit?

Let us return to the automobile show. French experts told me that American automobiles are built on lines that vary only slightly from year to year. That is why, they assured me, standardization is necessary. Manufacturers are loath to introduce changes that will necessitate making over the material organization of their plant and altering the routine of the workers. This is why the American machines at the show possess only secondary refinements and their mechanical structure never has anything novel about it.

The French industry, on the other hand, seems to have changed its construction entirely, and has 'turned out,' as they say in the factory, machines of marvelous mechanical refinement. If at the beginning of this article I seemed a little critical of our tendency to cater only to a rich clientele, it is only fair to say that our manufacturers do achieve admirable perfection.

Here is the situation. On one side is the General Motors Company, a formidable trust including almost all American production. On the other side are Europe and its individualism, full of initiative and progress. Which will carry the day? Even in the United States a battle of giants is being fought between General Motors and Ford, who in the eyes of his adversaries is the apostle of a fallacious industrial theory. The United States has also recently opened up a campaign in our country to attract French clients. Is this a grave menace? Is there imminent danger of the Americans overcoming us with their weapons? It is most unlikely. The difference between their needs and ours is too great. The Americans possess an immense new country where the automobile is a necessity. Here it will be useful, of course, but its chief purpose is pleasure.

Those French makers whose tendencies toward too much luxury at the expense of utility I was deploring have tried to imitate American methods and to preserve at the same time their own æsthetic advantages, which are the most important factors in the commercial success of the industry in France. The problem was a delicate one, but the French industry has achieved the best results. Charles Faroux, a specialist in these matters, recently wrote as follows about Henry Ford and Louis Renault, the two most representative men of either type: 'Just now one feels that Henry Ford will leave behind him the memory of a great fortune honestly gained, while Louis Renault, in spite of his financial and industrial power, will leave behind the memory of a great mechanical engineer.' How could the economic antagonism in the automobile show be better expressed?

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THE PESSIMISTS[1]

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THEY burst in upon me last Sunday morning, these two young men — we will call them A and B. They came striding through the clear sunlight, in which there was already a faint suggestion of autumn, a touch of her cool forefinger, and descended upon me like the demigods or heroes they are, dusty and roaring and red-faced and clamorous for beer. Within a second or two my cottage was crowded with their sprawling legs and gesticulating arms. I had been spending the morning, laying down one after another of its exquisite pale gold pieces, in meditating a few pages of fine writing, something spun out of a reverie over that first autumnal whisper. It was already taking shape in my mind, a whimsical, melancholy, deckle-edged affair, the very matter for numbered and signed copies. There is something curiously depressing about late August, when the world is dusty and blown and fretful. Summer has gone, dragging her roses off the stage, and there is an interval of waiting, during which we yawn over our programmes, before the lights turn golden and misty for the pomp of autumn. I was beginning to feel depressed myself, and that was why I decided to attempt some fine writing, there being no better cure for this malady, itself mostly a literary affair, than a whole-hearted literary debauch, in which armfuls of gorgeous adjectives are scattered like largesse. But the entrance of my two young friends put an end to that, and what with the cares of hospitality and the roaring sea of their companionship, on which I soon found myself adrift, I said good-bye to my tender melancholy and fine phrases.

I call these guests 'my two young friends' as if there were whole generations between us, whereas a really elderly person, casually surveying us, would lump us all together as contemporaries. We are not, however, and the difference is significant. They are post-war (one of them is still up at his university, and the other has not been down long), and I am not, and very often they contrive to make me feel as old as I frequently try to appear in my more responsible compositions. Last Sunday they were in magnificent form. They had been walking all Saturday, and had managed to cover an odd ten or twelve miles that very morning. They bellowed their news and stretched themselves in my sitting-room, sang and splashed in the bathroom, and then came down to put away the lunch of six. My bottled beer went winking down their throats. My coffee disappeared between two epigrams. They filled their youthful and aggressive pipes, blew out great blue clouds of old matured Virginia and young raw satisfaction, and then accompanied me into the garden, where we lounged and smoked through the afternoon. We watched the sunlight fall upon the ripening pears. Across the lawn the seven-foot hollyhocks stood like girlish grenadiers. The poppies blazed among the distant weeds. From somewhere

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *August* 28

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close but mysterious there came a murmuring of doves, and far away an old bell jangled faintly. The afternoon went rustling by in blue and white. Well-fed, glowing, their strong young limbs outstretched, my guests leaned back, and, after smoking idly for some time with half-closed eyes, at last began to talk. The moment was ripe for a symposium, and Epicurus himself would not have disdained the situation. Naturally enough, they grew philosophical.

Objecting to some timid remark of mine, A pointed out that all our efforts are probably futile. His companion loudly and cheerfully agreed, and together, with raised voices, they hunted down man's foolish strivings and little sentimentalisms, hallooing as they went. Their sparkling eyes saw inward visions of this life as a desert, marked only by the whitening bones of wasted effort. They roared together over our pitiful illusions. Politics and art and religion and love were whirled away on gusts of laughter. Our whole civilization might perish at any moment, if indeed it was not perishing already. Gleefully, their faces alight, they pointed out to one another the unmistakable signs of this collapse, and upon me they rained evidence. They kicked out in ecstasy as flaw after flaw was discovered in this structure of ours. But now there arose a difference of opinion between them, which resulted in the jolliest argument imaginable and all the pointing with pipe-stems and the frequent striking of matches that accompany such jolly arguments. B emphatically declared that the sooner this civilization was nothing more than a memory the better it would be for all of us. A was positive that it was doomed, but thought we had probably made a mistake in letting it go, if only because our next state would be immeasurably worse. For this he was heartily chaffed by B, who said that he would not have suspected his friend of such obvious sentimentalism. Then they both began to examine the situation more closely, making fewer concessions to mere human weakness and broadening the base of the discussion, so that by the time we had sat down to tea they were in full flight.

'The fact is, of course,' cried A, dealing heartily with his fifth sandwich, 'the universe is entirely indifferent to any of our concerns. A minor planet goes rotten and begins to breed all kinds of queer creatures, and after a time these creatures have the cheek to imagine that their affairs are important, that what they want is what the universe wants. As a matter of fact, though, that 's wrong, because the universe does n't want anything. It will just grind away till it stops, and we might as well recognize the fact. We can make up our minds that the whole show will be blotted out sooner or later — and, on the whole, a jolly good thing too! What do you say, B?' And he beamed at us, and passed his cup for the third time. 'I don't mind how weak it is,' he remarked; 'I 'm still thirsty enough for anything.'

B cut himself a hearty chunk of cake and patted it lovingly. 'I don't agree with you,' he began. 'You 're nothing but an old materialist. You 're years out of date, you and your mechanical universe! I don't mind telling you, too, that you 're a jolly sight too optimistic. The universe is alive all right and knows what 's going on here. But why?' Here he paused, and A reached out for a cigarette. 'To make an unholy mess of it, of course. The old idea was right all the time. We 're just a droll spectacle for the gods. If there 's a supreme deity, then, you may depend upon it, he's probably a Sadist.'

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A considered this view and clearly found it attractive, but was compelled, perhaps a trifle reluctantly, to reject it. He went on to draw a picture of man, doomed to perish with all his little notions of beauty and goodness, standing erect, his head lifted to the pitiless stars; and so warmed to the task that he quite forgot to finish his tea and keep his cigarette alight. Dancing with impatience, B finally cut in with his own view of things, and showed us this life of ours as a tragedy of marionettes, with a dominating principle of evil, a malicious and omnipotent power, pulling the strings. We were allowed to develop so that our capacity for suffering might be increased. His companion declared that this view was far more rosy and sentimental than his, because 'people would rather have an evil spirit than none at all.' B, on his side, humorously incensed at the notion that he was at the old trick of pandering to human weakness in his revelation of truth, waved away what he called 'this pleasant little idea of the machine universe,' and added more crimson and black to his own picture of things. The cottage resounded with the flushed and eager pair of them, but the talk had gone little further before it was time for them to be off, for they were catching the 6.25 back to town, to end their happy week-end jaunt with a pleasant little dinner somewhere.

I was genuinely sorry when they departed, roaring down the road in farewell, for bereft of their high spirits the cottage seemed vacant, lifeless. It is really these evenings in late August that make the season, or brief interlude between seasons, so depressing. The long daylight has dwindled, but yet it is too early to light lamps and draw curtains. Fires are not to be thought of, yet there is a chill in the air. It is the drear little interval between the two magics of summer and autumn. Its long pallid face stares in at the window, whispering that something is ending forever. The sky looks like the window of an empty house. In this light, dimming to a dusk without warmth and kindness, Chekhov's people chatter quietly and break their hearts. By the time the bats were hooting round the eaves and the room was ghostly with moths, I was more depressed than usual at such an hour, and was sorry that I had not pressed my friends to stay or gone up to town with them, laughing and chattering away, on the 6.25. I saw them, in a wistful vision, sitting down to that pleasant little dinner, rubbing their hands, ruddy and bright of eye, preparing to round off the day and then march happily on toward the new morning.

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LENINGRAD, WHERE GRASS IS GROWING[1]

BY RAFFAELE CALZINI

As you step from the station of the October Revolution into Revolution Square, the first thing you see is the heavy bronze steed modeled once by Prince Trubetzkoy, standing square and solemn, with Alexander III gloomy and resolute in the saddle. But in order to leave no doubt in the traveler's mind as to the identity of this monument, the following verse of Demian Bedny, the proletarian poet laureate, is engraved on the front of the pedestal: —

'My father and my son were executed, and my own destiny pursues me even after my death: here I stand like a harmless scarecrow amid a people who have thrown off forever the yoke of aristocracy.'

Here in this square in February 1917 even the archfaithful Cossacks mutinied and turned against the police; hence the change of name from Znamenskaia into Revolution Square. The whole of the dethroned capital has suffered similar changes of name, as well as of appearance. Plazas, streets, palaces, and gardens which formerly recalled only royal or otherwise conventionally illustrious personages have been renamed in honor of famous bygone terrorists and nihilists. The names of people who precipitated the Revolution on its course down the abyss appear chiefly in the triangle formed by the Winter Palace, the Admiralty, and the Fortress of Peter and Paul, where the history of the Romanovs is written in mighty structures.

The city appears resigned to its destiny. During several years of resistance two million people perished or departed, and the one million or so who took their place have entered into possession of a devastated city, which has gradually acquired the placid rhythm of a provincial town where nothing ever happens to sweep the inhabitants off their feet and interrupt their dreamy existence. For a time Dictator Zinoviev erected here a sort of counter-sanctum opposed to the Moscow Kremlin; but Dictator Zinoviev lost his job, and the capital of Peter the Great, deprived of a powerful master, became exactly like a *grande dame* fallen on evil days, mending and remending her clothes, and occasionally displaying some inexpensive jewel which she has so far contrived to keep out of pawn.

The army of factory workers which, with the help of revolted regiments, brought off the Revolution of 1917 numbered some four hundred thousand. It has so much dispersed by this time that it includes hardly a hundred thousand, many of whom are unemployed. Behind the dry statistics that show the glaring difference in population between 1917 and to-day, the living phenomenon once called Petrograd and now Leningrad is achieving its destiny. Having survived two revolutions, famine, freezing, poverty, typhus, cholera, and civil war, the proud creation of Tsar Peter has now entered

[1] From the *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily), *September* 10

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upon its final agony; the bells of Kazan Cathedral, of St. Isaac's, and of Smolny Cathedral are tolling its last hours.

Neva, the great river, is deserted. A somnolent noon hour unenlivened with whistles or sirens or the purring of motors colors with pale sunshine the uninhabited mansions and palaces on the banks. Its thousands of lifeless windows look like closed eyelids. The surface of the magnificent stream reflects the light as freely and clearly as a virgin river. Colossal bridges span its leisurely width, and unhampered it flows to the abandoned ports of the capital. Poets of the Third International! Your twentieth-century poetry, of smoking chimneys, singing flywheels, and buzz saws, is contradicted by this immense calm that suggests a general strike. Porcelain-white sea gulls float upon the wavelets; on the quays, unarrested bourgeois mingle with sailors whose muskets look revolutionary but whose white canvas uniforms are elegance itself; naked children, sunburned to a brick red, throw themselves into the water from the granite steps badly broken up by floods. Things and ideas condemned and dying seem to reflect themselves in the river.

Revolutionary delirium has ended in unemployment. Red banners are becoming less frequent, and those that appear have a stinted look; but the signs of misery are overpowering in the suburbs. In the secondhand shops, too, miniature paintings and fur coats, icons and kitchen utensils, are for sale, and entire estates of families dead or dispersed are sold at auction. Even on the Nevski Prospect — now the Twenty-fifth of October Prospect — there are abandoned and dilapidated buildings, though these are more frequent in outlying quarters, where uninterrupted rows of houses big and small are gradually crumbling to pieces, either naturally or from the effects of fire, bombardment, or dynamite. Every winter adds heavily to the destruction, every late Northern spring sees new irreparable ravages.

The inertia of the people progresses in proportion with the deterioration of the buildings. A new Russia stands by and watches the old one crumble. It seems to say: 'We are experimenting. We are doing it for the good of the world. We want it thus. It does not matter to suffer, since we all suffer.' Or perhaps it repeats the words of Lenin: 'The dictatorship of the proletariat is a stubborn struggle; now shedding blood, now bloodless; now violent, now pacific; economic and military, pedagogic and administrative; a war against the old forces and traditions of society.'

Soldiers in barracks and students in Communist universities are being trained in this way of thinking. But while they level their arms against the bourgeois world, a wave of silence seems to rise from the depopulated city and float against them.

As I was going to sleep on that first day, and the impressions began to assume some kind of order in my mind, another sign of decay came clearly back to my memory. There is hardly a crack in a pavement of the city which has not been invaded by a slow-working enemy — grass. It disappears in one place only to show itself more vigorously in front of some closed-up monastery or half-ruined palace. It does not yet make the color of the city, but it is already quite conspicuously one of its colors; and it blends with the sounds that contribute to the general impression — old pianos out of tune, voices of children, crowing of roosters.

And whenever I want to describe the old capital in a single phrase, these are the words that come to my mind: Leningrad, where grass is growing.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A. B. Walkley

DRAMATIC criticism in London, and indeed the world of polite essays beyond the limits of the British Isles, has suffered a loss in the death of A. B. Walkley. A month or more ago Mr. Walkley had recovered from a severe illness sufficiently to contribute two or three of his inimitable Wednesday articles to the *Times*. But he had reached the age of almost seventy-one, and therefore his death was not wholly unexpected by his acquaintances. It is interesting to review the work and some of the characteristics of this singular critic, to whose urbane paragraphs in the *Times* many readers of theatrical or literary leanings were wont to turn first of all. Mr. Walkley always showed a scorn for the theatre and an ironic wonder at the enthusiasm and concern displayed for it by the many persons whose business it seemed to be to talk or think of nothing else. Alike in his books and in his conversation he pretended to be above the fascination of the footlights, and professed an anxiety to be freed from his engagements as a critic. Yet when his illness prevented him from taking his usual place in the stalls he found himself restless and fretful to be at his job again, and longed impatiently for the time when he could take up his pen once more. It was useless for him to protest that he cared only for the cultivation of his garden. In spite of himself, he was a subject and a slave of the tyrannical spell of the stage.

Temperamentally, Mr. Walkley was a recluse. Other critics he scarcely knew even by sight. In attending a performance he would go immediately to his stall and sit there throughout the play. He had not the proclivity for wandering about the theatre and gossiping between the acts which is characteristic of so many patrons of the drama, and it was very rarely indeed that his conscience allowed him to leave before the final curtain. One occasion is remembered in which he faithfully endured two acts of a grotesque performance only to leave shortly after the beginning of the third, when it became clear that no miraculous improvement was to occur in the standard of the play. The next day an acid notice appeared in the *Times*. But in his later days Walkley could not be accused of intolerance in his general attitude toward the plays which he reviewed. Perhaps his aloofness from other men bred a more good-natured feeling in him, or perhaps his disdain for enthusiasm had its counterpart in an equal disdain for vituperation. His superiority to enthusiasm was perhaps more put on than actual, for he had a warm sympathy for France and for things French. He never could resist talking and writing about Jane Austen with an admiration which her most devoted partisans could scarcely exceed. He once lectured to a learned society on this favorite novelist of his and informed his hearers of the many times she had mentioned shrubbery in the course of her works. He had counted all the references to shrubbery and found them legion, in contrast to a single lonely reference to a kiss. Besides his liking for Miss Austen, he

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had a limited partiality for Dickens and a more appreciative admiration for Proust and Croce.

Walkley's work began in the nineties, when he was dramatic critic of the *Speaker* and the *Star*. It was then that the English theatre had reached a level of stupidity which is now confessed even while it is scarcely believed, and Walkley's great contribution, in common with Shaw and William Archer, was to break with trenchancy and determination into the struggle for better days. It is well known that the English stage has been immeasurably indebted to the critical force of these three men, and it is necessary at this time to recall Walkley's early work in order to understand properly its significance to the world of dramatic criticism.

Walkley was distinctly a Londoner. He had traveled very little, and scarcely at all in the outlying parts of England. His sympathies were at least partly Victorian, and he looked with a keenly disapproving eye on the young men and women who grew up in the years after the war, and who seemed to him a shocking contradiction of the traditions among which his own tastes were formed. His wit, cultivated in graceful style, and the friendly familiar sense of his presence as a distinguished member of London's critical group, however aloof he may have been personally, will be sorely missed by readers of the morning-after reviews.

Art with Acrimony

MR. EPSTEIN, England's much-disputed sculptor, is by no means unknown to controversy. Lately the journals have again been full of his name, and it seems that this time he has fallen foul of a peer. By request of the Artists' Committee in charge of the Autumn Exhibition at Liverpool, Mr. Epstein submitted two of his sculptures, which were accordingly placed on view as a part of the exhibition. One of the sculptures was the bust of an Indian girl, and the other the head and shoulders of Mrs. Epstein. In ceremoniously opening the exhibition, Lord Wavertree, the son of the founder of the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, passed some unexpected strictures on Mr. Epstein's two entries. Indeed, if Lord Wavertree has been correctly quoted, there can be no doubt that he meant to be as cutting as he could. It must be said, however, that neither Lord Wavertree's spontaneous diatribe nor Mr. Epstein's loftily contemptuous rejoinder has that quality of inspiration that gives interest to mutual vituperations. In Byron's phrase, 'Naught's so sublime as energetic bile.' But whether for lack of energy or of literary genius, neither party to the dispute between the peer and the sculptor has achieved sublimity. Here is a brief account of their remarks as reported by the *Daily Telegraph*: —

> Lord Wavertree said there were two exhibits which he hoped would bring large numbers to the exhibition. He did not think they had been accepted as examples of artistic merit. (*Laughter*) They were the work of a man who had been mentioned a great deal lately, and especially in connection with his sculpture of Rima, which had caused a tremendous amount of controversy — mostly on one side (*laughter*) — as to whether or not he was really a great artist or his works were things of beauty. One could go to the Autumn Exhibition and judge for one's self. 'Poor fellow, I have no doubt he has done his best,' went on Lord Wavertree. 'But, after all, many other very poor artists could have done much better if they had done their worst.' (*Laughter*)
>
> 'I don't care two pins what Lord Wavertree says about my work or anything else,' Mr. Epstein remarked in an interview. 'My protest was not against criticism as

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criticism; it was against Lord Wavertree's irregular action and bad manners. It is, as far as I know, wholly unprecedented for a person who is officially opening an exhibition to comment in such abusive terms as those employed by Lord Wavertree on the works he has been invited to introduce.'

Mr. Epstein asked permission to withdraw his two sculptures from the exhibition— a request which led Lord Wavertree to observe that this could only be taken as unwillingness to face public criticism. Mr. Epstein received from the chairman of the Artists' Committee an apology which, he says, satisfied him completely. The apology said that Lord Wavertree had not given warning that he intended to make the objectionable remarks; and Lord Wavertree himself professed to be glad that Mr. Epstein consented to leave the sculptures on view at the exhibition. There the matter rests.

How to Become Apache

APACHES are made, not born, says a writer of 'Parisian Snapshots' in *La Stampa* of Turin. At the beginning of his career the Apache is usually a country vagabond who has come to Paris in hope of better fortune. The third night after his arrival he is reduced to lodging under the stars. Strangely enough, the lack of a bed is invariably more conducive to crime than lack of food. His début is very mild and innocent — a small fraud. Instead of his own *carte d'identité*, where note has been made of his expulsion from a night asylum for lack of funds, he shows at another night lodging house the carte of his companion. He is not received at every place even with these false documents, and, trying to find a shelter, he thus is given his first lessons in Paris topography — indispensable knowledge for an aspirant Apache. During these first wanderings he also makes a number of Apache acquaintances. These are generous companions; they lend money — not always enough to have supper, but enough to get drunk in any case. Thus the would-be Apache enlivens his leisurely course, zigzagging from one asylum to another, his hands in his pockets. His mind begins to build castles in the air. By hook or by crook, he gets a weapon. From this to becoming an active Apache is but one more step. The young disciple is taken to a tavern whose atmosphere is exciting in the last degree and where his rustic eyes are dazzled to distraction. There he sees Apaches of both sexes and all varieties, but none as admirable and extraordinary as the sidi — the Arab from Algiers. The sidis are the only Apaches who enjoy the privilege of using firearms, and they employ them freely. There is also, in every self-respecting Apache tavern, a Negro customer who tells long drunken stories of his achievements, showing his dazzling white teeth. And women? They are an indispensable part of this company, the so-called *gigolettes*, because the Apache, always a sensuous spendthrift, presents a curious mixture of gallantry with cupidity; he is fierce and passionate, and knows how to subjugate a woman.

'And what are the police doing about it?' concludes the writer, and answers his own question: 'Why, the police — they're the police!'

The Pursuit of a Print

THE collector of old prints exemplifies in actual life all the indomitableness and persistence of observation of which the detective is a paragon in fiction, and collecting adventures is often as exciting and as full of suspense as the more sanguinary episodes imagined for us by writers of mystery stories. The *Morning Post* records an

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interesting pursuit of a mezzotint engraving by James Walker after Romney's full-length portrait of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker. This print is said to be a very rare one for which dealers have been constantly on the look-out. The British Museum has a copy, and there is another in the Victoria and Albert Museum. After scanning catalogues of sales even to the most obscure, Mr. Ellis, member of a firm of professional dealers, saw this print listed. Here is the *Morning Post's* account: —

The sale was away at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, but he decided to go. With only two or three pounds in his pocket, he arrived on the scene of the sale — a little garden that lay between a shabby cottage and a mangy hedge that skirted the Bournemouth road. The late owner of the property to be sold was a wealthy recluse, who had lived alone in the cottage for many years. The ground was covered with odds and ends, ordinary chairs, tables, pots, pans, crockery, and so on — all thick with dust and dirt. But no sign of 'The Admiral.' Where was it? No one could tell, until a smart-looking porter said that it was hanging on the back door of the kitchen. There it was, sure enough, covered with the dust of years. Was it in good condition, or was it a wreck? Two fingers swished across the glass and revealed as fine a stretch of mezzotinting as had been produced in England. When all the dust had been removed the print was found to be in perfect condition, except that the margins were cut; but the inscription was safe and complete.

A group of country folk waited to pick up bargains for a shilling or two. No people of greater importance were noted at the beginning of the sale, and when the bidding for the engraving began at a shilling, and stopped at 'five bob,' Mr. Ellis felt sure that he was to secure the treasure for an 'old song,' and assured himself that the bid was his own. But as the hammer was about to fall a grim voice called, 'Six shillings,' which sum rose to pounds before the sombre stranger in the background was defeated by Mr. Ellis at £183. 15*s*.

All his clients wanted the 'Admiral.' A well-known collector, who had just returned from the Continent, wrote that it was the one 'male' print he would give anything to possess. But it had already been sold.

Spanish Architecture in Mexico

THE suggestion has been made in *El Universal* that Mexico should evolve a native style of architecture more suitable to the climate, customs, and conditions of the country than the Spanish type of building. Spanish architecture in Mexico is justified only in so far as the two countries resemble each other, and though examples of excellent so-called Mediterranean style have been lasting models in some of our own Southern states, their genuineness and appropriateness is doubtful. In Mexico the tendency is to trick out a modern home with a certain number of more or less irrelevant Spanish frills.

In another issue of the same paper the question is taken up further, and a new public building in Mexico City, the Centro Nacional Ingenieros, is taken as an example. This is a skyscraper, built somewhat on the lines of a synagogue, but loftier and more slender, with something truly modern about it. The writer points to this structure as an example for other Mexicans to follow, and urges them to build useful, up-to-date houses that are beautiful as well.

Painters in Venice

THE autumn rush of painters to Venice is so great this year that 'Sunrise in the Piazza San Marco' is likely to be one of the most popular pictures of the season; for to get a good seat the struggling artist has to be up with the birds. As the day wears on, however, most of the colony turns its attention to the crowd, and one can imagine the cries

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of 'How picturesque!' and 'Is n't that an interesting type!' that go up from a group which presents a more exotic as well as a more absurd appearance than anything it is immortalizing on canvas. An Italian observer has remarked that long hair is going out of style but that spectacles are decidedly in vogue. Some of the artists wear cotton jackets instead of shirts, short pants instead of trousers, and sandals instead of the regulation shoes, socks, and spats. At a respectful distance stands a throng of curious spectators commenting in many languages and from many points of view on the work of the painters.

On one occasion a native son was so disgusted at the way his beautiful city was being desecrated that he protested to the artist, who, needless to say, understood not a word of Italian and merely shrugged his shoulders. The loyal native son, deciding to take the gesture as an insult, picked up one of the stones of Venice and hurled it through the picture. The incident came to a close in the local police station, or, as they say over there, *questura*.

'L'Aiglon' in Vienna

IRELAND is not the only country in which pure enjoyment of the drama is confused by the excitements of political partisanship. Monarchists in Vienna recently took the part of Irish Republicans in attempting to interfere with the production of a play which happened to offend their historical allegiance. The play was Edmond Rostand's *L'Aiglon*, long a classic in France, but forbidden in Austria under the Hapsburg régime. A version in German was translated, however, about a year ago, with certain marked alterations of character and sentiment. The old Emperor Francis Joseph is transformed from Rostand's model into a beneficient old man to suit the monarchist taste, and the end of the play is made to take a pacifist turn. For months every expedient was tried to make production of the play impossible. But the factions opposing the performance were conciliated by a promise on the part of the management that anti-Hapsburg and anti-Austrian lines should be deleted or modified. In the end the house was sold out weeks in advance. Large numbers of police were in attendance at the theatre to prevent the expected demonstrations of hostility, but there was no interruption to the performance, although many Austrians trembled with excitement at the historical references of the play, and especially at the appearance of the old Emperor and his soldiers parading in uniform.

Romanizing the Rumanians

ONE of the more humorous results of the war has been Rumania's sudden eagerness to establish her reputation as a purely Latin country. To be sure, some of the more farsighted members of this apparently Slavic nation had been so busy discarding Slavic words and substituting Latin equivalents that they were fast succeeding in turning the written language into something that approached more nearly than any other modern tongue the speech of the Roman Emperors, whose unfortunate troops were once quartered here. In the wave of nationalism raised by that magic word 'self-determination,' the movement, heretofore only a cult, assumed wider proportions. The fact that ancient sacred images in the Rumanian section of a recent art exhibition in Paris were inscribed with old Slavic script and language only fanned the enthusiasm of the Latinists to whiter heat.

The latest impetus the movement

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has received is the treaty with Italy. *La Tribuna* of Rome comments sardonically on the learned ethnologists who have spent years 'tenaciously and quietly preparing the ground for finding common historical and philological sources between Italy and Rumania,' although the contacts between the two countries have been few and far between. At best, says *La Tribuna*, the unprejudiced traveler in Rumania will find rather more Slavic than Latin traces in the customs, dress, language, and names of persons and places. This unfeeling attitude of the Italians may be the result of having so long been patronized by the French as 'our little Latin brothers of the South.'

Vienna Opera

MUSICAL Vienna promises to return from dissonance to harmony as the result of the patching up of the quarrel between Richard Strauss and Franz Schalk, who is Director of the Opera. Strauss has been made honorary director, and is to lead the orchestra for twenty performances during the winter. Only a few months ago Herr Schalk finished his twenty-fifth year at the Opera, and was greeted with warm recognition by the members of his orchestra. Since the war, opera singers who might have been known to Americans only by their distant and glittering fame have been lured to these shores by the prospects of much larger remuneration than European opera companies sometimes find it possible to offer. The Vienna Opera has suffered from the difficulties of competing with the high prices which singers may obtain in this country, and with post-war taxation, but at the present time it is bravely maintaining its high standard and a long tradition of excellence. Promising new artists have appeared, and the cooperation of the two illustrious directors should bring about a successful season.

Jews in Germany

ANTI-SEMITISM is gaining ground in Germany, though the country is not yet in a class with Hungary and Rumania. The latest incident is that of Professor Lessing in the University of Hanover, who published a critical but respectful essay on Marshal Hindenburg when he was elected President. At once the students, most of whom are Junkers anyway, were incited by the Nationalist press to turn his lectures into pandemonium, and on one occasion to insult and threaten the Professor and his wife in a public restaurant. The Prussian Ministry of Education intervened, and the Professor received another appointment elsewhere. Disciplinary measures were taken against the students, but have now, to the disgust of the Liberals, been dropped.

A Ph.D. Movie Queen

HER name is Christa Tordy, her age is twenty, her parents are German, she lives in Berlin, and in the reckless opinion of an American editor she is better-looking and decidedly younger than many female Ph.D.'s he has seen at home. After taking her degree — and it is not an easy one to get in Germany — she decided to consecrate her abilities to the silver screen instead of to the classroom. Thus far she has appeared in only two films, the *Seekadett* and *Sein grosser Fall*, both successful; and in the latter she played the leading part. Now that a Ph.D. has become a movie actor, won't some movie actor become a Ph.D?

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

I HAVE to give the Italian nation moral and material greatness. — *Signor Mussolini*

* * *

Nothing is more exasperating to a man who has full technical knowledge of an industrial problem and is working hard, though perhaps silently, to solve it than to have people who have no such knowledge suggesting that if only he were converted there would be no difficulties left for him to solve. — *The Archbishop of Canterbury*

* * *

What I am afraid of is that European production will lapse into anarchy in the face of the methodical production of America.

— *M. Loucheur*

* * *

A mere conviction of survival is now no act of faith; it is the outcome of knowledge; it is established by scientific inquiry. — *Sir Oliver Lodge*

* * *

The cinema is a very fine modern art.

— *Bernard Shaw*

* * *

His Majesty's Government remain as ever firm in their intention to support the League and the principles for which that great organization stands to-day. — *Stanley Baldwin*

* * *

The Empire is Britain's starting lever; I would urge her to grasp and operate it.

— *Mr. S. M. Bruce, Premier of Australia*

* * *

The economic resources of France and Germany are complementary.

— *Gustav Stresemann*

* * *

The country has reached a stage when collective bargaining is recognized as an indispensable principle. — *Viscount Haldane*

* * *

We could easily smash the policeman, the dirty bluebottles, but I do not want to play their game. If I did not want peace, what good would these few dirty bluebottles be in a place like this? I tell the chief of police that I am a much more important man in England to-day than he is. It is disgraceful that men receiving good wages and an annual holiday should behave in the way they have behaved at Mansfield. They are only inhuman monsters. — *A. J. Cook*

What, after all, is a coal mine? Is it not, in reality, one of the ways in which Labor hires Capital to pay its wages. The miner pays the capitalist half a crown and gets 17*s.* 6*d.* The capitalist prospects for the coal, sinks the shaft, equips the mine, and finds the wages; the miner, for the small proportion of his labor which pays capital, gets in return an equipped mine and secure employment at a living wage. What folly, then, to attack the capital by which he lives.

— *Morning Post*

* * *

You see me here an old bachelor, disappointed in all his amorous affairs.

— *Sir Robert Horne, Air Minister*

* * *

The hen is a wonderful creature. You can eat her before she is born and after she is dead.

— *Lord Dewar*

* * *

There are many women more qualified to adorn the Episcopal Bench than those who occupy it. — *Dean Inge*

* * *

The Mustard Club (1926) has been founded under the presidency of the Baron de Beef, of Porterhouse College, Cambridge. It is a Sporting Club, because its members are always there for the meat. It is a Political Club, because members find that a liberal use of Mustard saves labor in digestion and is conservative of health. It is a Card Club, but members are only allowed to play for small steaks.

The Motto of the Mustard Club is 'Mustard Makyth Methuselahs,' because Mustard keeps the digestion young. The Password of the Mustard Club is 'Pass the Mustard, please!' — From an advertisement headed 'What is the Mustard Club?' from the *Morning Post*

* * *

In economic matters we are still in the Stone Age; to settle these problems in an atmosphere like the present is like trying to play billiards in a storm at sea. — *Sir Josiah Stamp*

* * *

It is true to say that the Conservatives nearly lost the Empire in trying to keep it, and the Liberals kept it in trying to throw it away.

— *Winston Churchill*

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Genesis of the World War, by Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $4.00.

[J. W. Headlam-Morley, in the *Observer*]

It is impossible to read this book without a feeling of exasperation, and almost despair. As everyone knows, there is in progress what we may call a concerted movement for the revision of the opinions regarding the origin of the war generally held among the Allies during the time of the war, and embodied in the Treaty of Versailles and the accompanying documents. It is a movement confined to no one country, but is carried on by historical scholars in many countries, who bring to the work well-trained minds experienced in historical research and a genuine desire to attain to the truth in an extraordinarily tangled and difficult problem. Perhaps the most important contribution to this controversy is that of M. Renouvin, who, though, as Professor Barnes points out, he occupies a semiofficial position, has not refrained from showing how untenable are many of the opinions and statements on which the original Allied case was based. It is a controversy in which, in particular, Americans, such as Professor Coolidge, Professor Fay, and Mr. Bernadotte Schmitt, have taken a distinguished part. And then comes Professor Barnes, who once more takes the whole subject out of the sober attitude of scientific historical analysis and reintroduces into it many of the worst elements of war-time propaganda.

He claims to have discovered the real truth which has been obscured by the 'excessive timidity or interpretative incapacity of many revisionist scholars who appear to the writer to be unwilling to draw the inevitable conclusions from the facts which they present.' The 'inevitable conclusions' are that Germany was for all practical purposes completely innocent, and that the whole thing was a put-up plot and conspiracy arranged chiefly between Poincaré and Isvolsky, who were helped by M. Paul Cambon, and who succeeded in bamboozling Sir Edward Grey. The author would persuade us that these conclusions arise from a study of the facts. The test of the book will be then primarily whether the facts are correctly stated; if they are not, then, of course, the whole conclusion falls to the ground. Judged in this way, the judgment on the book must be decisive: there is no other work on this subject, including even those written during the height of the propaganda fever during the war, which is so completely unreliable, in which elementary facts are so constantly misstated, and in which every fact incompatible with this theory is so consistently ignored.

It is impossible in a short review to give the full critical analysis which is necessary to support these words. What we propose then to do is simply to take one single topic, one indeed of primary importance, — the Belgian question, — and show how the author deals with it.

Let us take first the following quotation: —

> There was no treaty obligation whatever binding England to protect the neutrality of Belgium. Such an obligation was alleged by Grey and his associates to reside in the Treaty of 1839, but this only bound the various signatory Powers not to violate Belgian neutrality themselves. *It did not in any way bind them to intervene to protect Belgian neutrality.* When the Treaty was drawn up, its purpose was merely to continue the separation of Belgium and Holland, and it did not take into consideration the matter of any military invasions of France or Germany through Belgian territory.

Incredible as it may appear, neither in this passage nor anywhere else does he even refer to the guaranty of Belgian neutrality which was attached to the Treaty. We are quite aware that there are some writers — we think they are profoundly mistaken — who maintain that the guaranty did not imply an obligation to go to war in defense of Belgian neutrality, but what can we say of an author who never tells his readers that there was this guaranty, and never attempts to discuss what it meant! The last sentence of the quotation is completely untrue; it could not have been written by anyone who had even attempted to inform himself as to the history of the Treaty; the whole point of the guaranteed neutrality was to give primarily to Holland, and secondly to Germany, security against a French attack, a security which had hitherto been given by the annexation of Belgium.

Again, not once, but repeatedly, he states that 'Germany had offered not to invade Belgium' if England would remain neutral. Of course, she never did anything of the kind; this is a palpable untruth; all that happened was that

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Lichnowsky asked the question whether England would remain neutral if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality. As Grey points out, and as we now know to be true from the German records, Lichnowsky had no authority to ask this question or to make this suggestion, and it would certainly have been repudiated at once by the German Government. For, as Professor Barnes must well know, the whole scheme of campaign, if there was to be a war with France, was based on the invasion of Belgium. This scheme had been carefully planned years ago; there was no alternative, and it was completely impossible for the German at the last moment to alter it and to devise another plan of campaign. In this connection we must note that he never tells his readers that the ultimatum to Belgium had been drafted, and had been dispatched to the German Minister at Brussels two days before this conversation took place; he obviously omits to do so because the whole history of this document is most discreditable to Germany, and is quite inconsistent with his theory.

Again, he asserts that Grey practically intimidated Belgium into appealing to England to intervene in order to protect Belgium neutrality, and he justifies this extraordinary statement by a comparison of a telegram sent on August 3, in which the Belgians say, 'In the actual circumstances we do not propose to appeal to the guaranty of the Powers,' with another telegram of August 4, in which Belgium appeals to them to coöperate as guaranty Powers in the defense of her territory. Would it be believed that he never refers to the fact that between the dispatch of these two telegrams German forces had actually entered Belgian territory? It was this, and not, as he suggests, a hint from Great Britain, which explains their action. On the third, confronted by the German ultimatum, they made 'a supreme appeal for diplomatic intervention'; on the fourth, when their territory was actually invaded, they appealed to the guaranty for armed assistance. Could the willful suppression of vital facts go further?

This is the way in which he treats one of the most important points; we see in it every fault of which an historian could be capable — complete ignorance as to the origin and purport of the Treaty, positive misstatements as to essential facts during the final negotiations, and suppression of essential points which are inconvenient to him. This is no single or exceptional instance. If his handling of any other matter is analyzed in the same way, it will be found that all these qualities recur. In fact, the whole basis on which his elaborate and pretentious structure is built up will be found to be completely rotten.

Contemporary Thought in Italy, by Dr. Angelo Crespi. London: Williams and Norgate, 1926. *5s.*

[*Sunday Times*]

THE aim of Dr. Crespi's book is, he says, 'to be a somewhat cursory survey of the contribution of contemporary Italy, and especially of these three thinkers (Giovanni Gentile, Benedetto Croce, and Bernardino Varisco), to our evolving notion of the universe, of man and his destiny therein.' Incidentally, the survey happens to be the first attempt in English at a systematic criticism of Italian Neo-Hegelianism. In an interesting introduction Dr. Crespi describes the new movement in Italian life since the beginning of the twentieth century, the political outlook, and the overthrow of the positivist spirit. An 'increase in spiritual initiative and depth,' he writes, 'is visible to any student of religious life and culture in Italy.'

The obstacles to a free religious culture are, according to him, first, the traditional position of the Roman Catholic Church as a national institution rather than a spiritual force, and, second, the dissemination of Kantian and post-Kantian idealism, interpreted by Spaventa, Croce, and Gentile as offering a middle way between naturalism and transcendent Christianity. Dr. Crespi's exposition of the theories and countertheories which now divide intellectual Italy is extremely valuable.

Martha and Mary, by J. Anker Larsen. London and New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

WHEN Mr. Larsen wrote *The Philosopher's Stone* — which novel won a money prize of approximately £3000 given by a Danish publishing house for the best book by a Dane or a Norwegian — he set out to show that religion and science were both rooted in the human mind, and that harmony between them was a final necessity for mankind. In *Martha and Mary*, the novel which succeeds his prize work, he continues this explanation of his religion. He sets out his point of view as follows: 'In *The Philosopher's Stone* I was clearing the ground. Henceforth I shall try by degrees to plant it. And in this my motto will be that the temporal and eternal are enamored of each other — let them be united.'

Mr. Larsen's planting of the ground so far as this novel is concerned consists of a detailed, vivid, and sympathetic sketch of the career of two sisters from the time they were a poverty-stricken farmer's bairns, hated and neglected by a stepmother, to the time when each found comfort and a measure of happiness in old age. It is essentially a story of the soil and a story of the soul as well, and there are parts of it which will

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jar on sensitive minds. Mary's childish idea of the soul, for instance, was that it was the smell which sweating farm hands left behind as they passed. But Mary was what we should call 'fey.' She got messages of God from clover leaves, a broken stick, stones of unusual shape, and so on. She was perpetually in contemplative mood, and she contemplated aloud at great length. 'This is nothing but words to me,' said one of the other characters, and one can sympathize with him. In the midst of one disquisition she breaks off to go into the next room to hear a 'screaming Negro comedian' on the wireless. 'To her,' says our author, 'it was no leap from eternity to a Negro comedian.' Mr. Larsen is no doubt very sincere and terribly in earnest, though at first we suspect him of something quite different, but we should like him so much better in a straight story.

Historical Materialism, by Nikolai Bukharin. London: Allen and Unwin, 1926. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[M. Philips Price in the *Daily Herald*]

THERE is prejudice against Marxism in this country. It is true Karl Marx wrote very long and very dry books. But the trouble is that most people look upon *Capital* as a book to read from cover to cover during a summer holiday, and consequently funk it, and I don't blame them. Really *Capital* and many other of Marx's books are more like encyclopædias for reference after a grounding has been obtained in the elements of economics in other and more digestible works.

It is a pity that there have been few digestible Marxian works published in English. It is, therefore, most opportune that Allen and Unwin should have published a very able exposition of the Marxian economic philosophy from the pen of Nikolai Bukharin, the well-known Russian Communist leader.

Bukharin takes us down to first principles and presents them in much more readable language than Marx did. Even so, it is not exactly easy reading; but then no books on these subjects are, and the merit of Bukharin's *Historical Materialism* is that it covers much of the ground of *Capital* within the space of just over three hundred pages.

There is such a lot of unclean thinking in the Anglo-Saxon countries that it is good to be brought down to earth with a jerk. All sorts of religious prejudices and moral philosophies are allowed to creep in, even into the Labor Movement. No doubt the Puritan revolution in the seventeenth century accounts for much religious ballast in our mental make-up.

Bukharin starts off at the root of the matter when, in his opening chapter on 'Cause and Purpose,' he classifies the social sciences into (*a*) those which recognize that every natural phenomenon exists because it has a cause for existence, and (*b*) those which consider that everything in Nature and in society has an object which is fixed by a supernatural power for the end of time. The latter way lie religious beliefs, the liberalism of Kant, making a God of the individual, and placing him above and superior to Nature.

But man is really another of Nature's creations who lives and has his being in her. 'It is not,' says Bukharin, 'the social mental culture that produces the substance of society, but it is the evolution of this social substance — that is, the evolution of material production — that creates the foundation for the growth of the so-called mental culture. . . . The mental life of society is a function of the forces of production.'

Bukharin, however, admits that the superstructure of society, its political institutions, religious belief, moral customs, all of which arise out of the human method of gaining a livelihood from Nature, can for a time react upon the social economy and hinder a change. But his point is that this cannot go on indefinitely. 'All phenomena must be considered in a state of motion,' the old society creating the new in its bosom. And if the superstructure obstructs the birth of the new, then there is either a revolutionary crisis and the old society disappears, or society as a whole decays.

Toward the end of the book Bukharin the professor is seen wrestling with Bukharin the Communist official. He does not treat the question of the method of the change into the transition stage sufficiently objectively. He falls into the mistake common to Russian Communists in postulating the Russian conditions in other parts of the world. Street fighting and the inevitability of civil war are not prerequisites of the Marxian interpretation of history. Marxism is an outlook on human economy. Civil war and barricades are some methods which have appeared in salving crises when the old forms of economy decay. These have appeared in some countries and in some situations, but they are rarer in the highly industrialized countries than in the semifeudal, undeveloped ones.

This fact ought to be considered and investigated. But I fear the fact is that the Russian Communists are historical determinists only for Russia. They confuse a philosophy which postulates certain inevitable changes with a philosophy which lays it down that those changes must come in a certain way. The former is a necessary part of the Marxian mental make-up. The latter is not.

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The South Africans, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. London: Constable, 1926. *7s. 6d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS book, which aims at the presentation in one octavo volume of an outline of the history of South Africa from that day three or more centuries ago when invading natives from the North met invading Europeans from the South upon the scarcely occupied field of the South African veldt, gathers together as on the film of a cinematograph all the principal elements which have gone to the making of South Africa as we know it. Few readers will close it without feeling that a picture of South Africa as a whole, of its problems, its needs, and its aspirations, has been projected with new emphasis upon their mind. Mrs. Millin's book is industriously documented in all that relates to local affairs. It is based on an extensive knowledge of South Africa, and puts the position ably as she sees it from the South African point of view. English readers will regret the generally anti-British tone. They will permit themselves to doubt the depth of knowledge and the balance of judgment with which some of the conclusions have been reached, but they will be grateful for the clearness of presentment, for the crisp and vigorous style, for the concentration of argument, and the absence of redundancy in expression, with which the point of view of the modern South African is put before them. The man who is to be regarded in South Africa with friendly eyes 'may love England if he chooses, but he must love South Africa more.' Sir Henry Villiers's finely expressed hope for union as the 'ripe fruit' of political aspiration is quoted, with the addition, 'The question, however, in the minds of many is whether secession from England will not also come about as a ripe fruit fallen from the tree.' Yet there is to be no undue haste. 'General Hertzog, arriving slowly and bitterly where General Smuts was many years ago, and maintaining now that there will be no secession until all South Africa wants it, is the real Boer leader.' For British leaders, for the Imperialism of Northern Rhodesia, Mrs. Millin has no use. South Africans, she thinks, know best.

The interest of the book is greatest toward the end, and the last section, devoted to a study of the Kafir, will be found well worth reading. It again presents the subject frankly from the South African point of view, and that view does not encourage sentimentalism on the question of equality between black and white. But Mrs. Millin's treatment of the subject is not unsympathetic.

There is one section of the field which we venture to think Mrs. Millin has not adequately filled. It is the section which should have been allotted to missionary effort. Missionary work in South Africa is coexistent with the arrival of the European. Mrs. Millin is content to pass it over with the remark that it has converted members of the Bantu races to one hundred and twenty different sects of Christianity, but that 'here in South Africa they (the Bantus) are prepared to become Mohammedan as readily as they are prepared to become Christian. It merely depends on who has first access to their submissive souls.' This may well be true. There are Moslem missionaries as well as Christian missionaries who aim at leading the native into a higher way of life. The important question is whether these one hundred and twenty sects of Christianity have in any measure achieved the work of betterment which they set before themselves as an aim. The consensus of general opinion is hopeful that they have.

My Life and Times, by Jerome K. Jerome. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1926. *16s.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. JEROME, author among much else of *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back,* comes of Nonconformist stock; and to that may perhaps be ascribed the tendency which finds expression in both the book and the play, and which is his dominating characteristic in all the many parts he plays in this autobiography — a tendency to dissent from established views, including his own. The sympathy with the under dog which he detects in himself would have something to do with it, but another factor may be antipathy to the top dog. This last is not to be ascribed to envy; for what distinguishes top dogs is competence, and to read this book is to be aware that Mr. Jerome when he takes the trouble possesses his full share of that. He does not always take the trouble, or there would be fewer repetitions. But give him a notion, and he will turn all its by-products to account with the grasp of Mr. Ford himself.

The variety of his occupations in his youth and his later success as a writer brought Mr. Jerome into contact with many men and women connected with the arts, and these figure in his pages in well-chosen situations. He established himself with *Three Men in a Boat,* and it is worthy of note that he did not intend to write a funny book, but a history of the Thames. His editor 'slung out' the history. But the most interesting part of his career is the account of the early years before he had 'arrived.' His parents had lost their money just about the time of his birth, and for a time he led what he calls 'a jungle existence.'

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Dragon's Blood, by Romer Wilson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

To say that Romer Wilson's new book is written by one of the best woman novelists in England is not necessarily high praise, but it has a sweep and spread that one could never find in the dismal provincialisms of a May Sinclair or a Rose Macaulay. *Dragon's Blood* is the story of two young German intellectuals, the one an aristocrat and the other a peasant, who try — and needless to say, fail — to fulfill their destinies in a mad world. Inevitably the book slops over here and there, but a good deal of exaggeration is essential to the theme. With enthusiasm, talent, and real feeling for her subject, Miss Wilson tells how a one-sided friendship between two men is wrecked by an impossible love affair. There is no smirking superiority in her treatment of the all too Ibsenesque characters, yet she does see around her subject in a way that no German writer possibly could. Though her imagination frequently runs away with her, Miss Wilson has written another magnificent failure that is certainly one of the best novels of the year.

The Book of Marriage, Arranged and Edited by Count Hermann Keyserling. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926. $5.00.

WHERE Spengler takes too many words to express a new and complicated idea, Keyserling makes use of even more words in expressing ideas that are both simple and old. Here is a characteristic sentence: 'The empirically single entity remains to itself the last resort, and consequently to break down this isolation and to communicate with others is impossible except on the principle of polarization.' In his Introduction, modestly entitled 'The Correct Statement of the Marriage Problem,' Count Keyserling comes to the conclusion that marriage, like life, is 'a tragic state of tension.' The rest of the book is given over to contributions by people with names like Count Paul Thun-Hohenstein, Ricarda Huch, and Hans von Hattingberg. Tagore writes on the Indian conception of marriage; Havelock Ellis contributes a readable paper entitled 'Love As an Art'; Thomas Mann describes 'Marriage in Transition'; and the wedded Keyserling pontificates on the 'Proper Choice of Partners.' The most charitable reviewer could not describe this as a very readable volume, nor could he recommend it *in toto* to many people. The section entitled 'Marriage in Space of Time' is chiefly interesting to anthropologists or sociologists; most people will be left rather cold by such statements as 'the Batak family is strictly exogamic.' The concluding section on 'Marriage As an Eternal Problem' has a wider appeal. Here marriage is treated as a fetter, as a work of art, as a sacrament, as a task, and so on. Obviously Count Keyserling has asked a strange crew of contributors to write on a subject of enormous interest to a great many people, and the result is a book into which one will dip rather than immerse one's self in.

Fairy Gold, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.00.

Fairy Gold is undoubtedly one of the better variety of love stories. Its effectiveness depends upon contrasts — the bourgeois war profiteer with his purchased baronetcy, and the Knight of Roon, a baronet whose ancestry is lost in the past; the daughters of the Knight, wild and unspoiled through a childhood on an island, and the son of the profiteer. Then comes the inevitable lover, worldly wise but essentially fine. The stupid fussiness of the Army authorities simply throws into relief the charm of the island life. Such satire as there is remains kindly and in good taste; it is never bitter. The underlying tragic note is fortunately not spoiled by the happy ending of the story. It is as though the happiness has to be paid for in some way. This is a good novel, and it should meet with success.

The Valley of the Kings, by Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

MR. PICKTHALL knows his Oriental, and can interpret his attitude toward the invading European. This is the story of an Arab boy, educated by missionaries, who dreams of becoming a great man through the influence of one of the English tourists. It is a good comedy, often subtle, and occasionally malicious. The missionaries come in for some unkind remarks, and are shown as more unintelligent than is the case.

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On the other hand, the tortuous mind of the Arab, Christian and Mohammedan, however apparently dishonest it may be, can usually be considered with a tolerant and humorous eye. The book is probably a very good interpretation of the situation as it actually is when East and West meet. At least it is an entertaining one.

The Two Sisters, by H. E. Bates. New York: The Viking Press, 1926. $2.00.

THIS is a study in temperaments — of a father, his two daughters, and a man. The plot is scanty and the action slow, but there is not a dull page in the book. It is one of the few novels of which the publishers' remarks on the jacket are a true description. There is a beautiful and poetic treatment of the tragic issues involved which is rare to-day among novelists. The queerness and cruelty of the father cast a blight over the love and passion of the daughters. The inarticulate worship of the man further confuses the issue. It is only by death and pain that the tangle can be set straight. Those who like fine writing will enjoy this book — and look for a second from the author.

Lord Raingo, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.00.

MR. BENNETT, in the rôle of Gentleman with a Vacuum Cleaner, submits the unconsidered daily débris of a Coalition Cabinet Minister's mind to the somewhat shrinking inspection of the reader. Against a background of 1918 war — war worn thin with use and custom, with ration cards and air-raid alarms — Samuel Raingo, Baron Raingo of Eccles, holder of the Portfolio of Records, muddles his way through a labyrinth whose neatly asphalted paths have caused minds more politically sensitive than Raingo's erroneously to fancy themselves pursuing a State highway. 'If men have to die in the trenches, I 'm ready enough to die on a platform for the same cause,' he assures the Prime Minister, bargaining for his barony with a mixture of shrewdness, vanity, and quite genuine emotion that suggests blood ties between Eccles and the Five Towns. Fate, ironically kind, provides him with the indicated emergency exit — not, however, releasing him from the hard necessity of muddling through the very gate — to a freedom beyond press dinners and silk-hung flats, beyond arrowroot and newspaper clippings, and all the insignificantly significant detail of existence that Mr. Bennett manipulates with such loving attention.

The Days of Their Youth, by Alan Sullivan. New York and London: The Century Company, 1926. $2.00.

PAUL RENNETT, dying, discovers disembodiment to be a sharpening of the faculties and a liberation from the necessity of feeling. Curiosity rather than affection directs his newly stripped intelligence toward the family he has just left. Now that he is without personal reaction, and remembered things are no longer compelling agents in determining his mind, he sees these people for the first time as they are. Presently he sees also that, released from the careless overlordship he has exercised for some twenty-five years, his wife and his children are becoming more intensely themselves, slowly taking definite shape as Mary and John and Gertrude Rennett. He watches their progress in the world with a detached interest and an amused appreciation which, could it be emulated by the living, would blast the future crop of Younger Generation novels. Only with his youngest child, Julia, are his relations unchanged, because of her passionate devotion in life to that in him which has survived death. The book is brought to an unexpectedly flat conclusion by the marriages of Mary Rennett and her elder daughter to eminently suitable persons, and the rebirth of Paul Rennett's spirit in the nice pink baby of a comfortable Midland country-house.

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